

JULY 1989 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 35¢

MACLEANS



**THE
RAPTURE
OF
SCUBA**

**THE
COMING
SHOWDOWN
WITH
THE
WEST**

**AN 11 PAGE
PREVIEW**

EXPO 70

**AND WHY CANADA
GETS TOP BILLING
AT JAPAN'S
WORLD FAIR**

It's one (—!) of a cigarette,
that Benson & Hedges.
So we brought out
King Size & Regular, too.



We'll go to any lengths
to make people happy.



"That's one (—!)
of a good size."

MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JULY, 1969 VOLUME 62 NUMBER 7

Lo, the new Indian leader: he's shrewd, he's able — and he gets results

YOU CAN EXPECT to read more front-page stories about Indians demanding their rights. One reason is the ascent of an Indian leader with the determination, and the connections, known-how to lead the white man it has over gone. Here's how they're going about it.

FAST FOOTWORK. Late in May, John Yaremko, Minister of Social and Family Services, rose in the Legislature and quoted a letter from the Union of Northwestern Ontario Native Organizations saying they were pleased with his administration. Before the day's sitting was over, an opposition member, Walter Proulx, NDP, was able to rise and read the Indians' reaction — by way from the Legislature. Since their letter was written, the word passed out, they had become disenchanted,

politely calling for Yaremko's resignation. Several Lethbridge Indians, listening from the Legislature visitors' gallery, had telephoned their leaders the moment Yaremko sat down.

POWER PLAYS. Behind that explosive statement walked from Ottawa's Indian Development Branch in mid-May was Chief Wilmer Nadijoo, a shrewd Ojibway who heads the Union of Ontario Indians. Knowing that branch members were discontented with government, Nadijoo had might never force the issue, Nadijoo picked his moment to resign from the government's Indian Advisory Board and accuse government and branch alike of being "inept, ineffectual, and inept."

"It really put us on the spot," says Wilmer, "but it would," admits one branch member, Ken Schneider. Staying on the job would mean endorsing government's tactics — using policy changed virtually overnight. It didn't — and they resigned.

KNOWS. Last December when a Cree woman, Marlene Charchoo, taught politicians at Moose Factory Reserve

near James Bay, the federal hospital there ordered to send an ambulance for her. She got to hospital by ambulance but died the next day. Newly elected Chief Andrew Biskind hired a national TV crew northwest to cover the story. Now a government-appointed committee is investigating the hospital's services.

SURPRISE TACTICS. From last summer until this spring, Indian leaders went through the motions of attending the federal government's regional meetings on the Indian Act. Then, at the national meeting in Ottawa, they announced they wouldn't discuss the Indian Act until Ottawa renewed all Indian treaties — back to 1794. The result will likely be the broadest review of Indian problems any Canadian government has ever undertaken.

TECHNOLOGY. For 28-year-old Harold (Buddy) Smith, organizer of the newly formed Union of Northwestern Ontario Native Organizations, it isn't enough to publish a newspaper (*Komiks*, no. 2,400). He's planning a mobile radio station to broadcast Indian-affairs news to Indians. He's new recruits. Two Manitoba Indian leaders, Isaac Brantley and David Chouchie, have offered to take over all Indian community development services, using \$770,000 in federal funds in a scheme for helping Manitoba's Indians help themselves.

— GLENN TERRY

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"We'll say delaying tactics, Jacques. First we question the constitutionality of illegal courts, and then the constitutionality of being arrested illegally."

Those mail-order pitchmen have got your number

AT THE AGE of two months, Christopher Dickson of Toronto is already a consumer pursued by baby-food and layette manufacturers, photographers and diaper services. They obtained his mother's name and address from one of the more aggressive members of Canada's burgeoning direct-mail industry — which had paid Mrs. Dickson's family doctor for a list of his pregnant customers.

Throughout his life, Christopher will take at least 25 more lists, when he ends as a bishop, graduate from

The Titled Gin



WHITE SATIN by SIR ROBERT BURNETT

A classic British balance
of the smooth and the dry.
Invented in London, 1770,
by nobility for nobility.
And tastes it.

but gave Dune permission to tell the
idea to the inmates.

One Sydney Dune found himself
standing in a gloomy hut on the prison
grounds taking to 30 special convicts.
"They were mostly hardheads," he re-
members, "and it was like talking to a
freem wall." When he had finished his
pitch, there was silence. Then some-
body asked: "Are you going to get on
parole?"

"Right then I knew I had to try it
on the line," says Dune. "I told them
we weren't giving them anything. We
were offering them an opportunity to
help themselves."

Twenty-seven prisoners agreed to
join. Since then, in spite of some fab-
rics that Dune attributes to weak
leadership, the Redgrave boys
have been gaining strength. There are
now more than 70 members and a long
waiting list. The group grants its own
awards, organizes Red Cross blood
drives and supervises a safety cam-
paign in the prison shops. Fortnightly
meetings encourage members in pub-
lic speaking, showmanship and busi-
ness-letter writing, usually with local
business leaders as guest speakers.

Now the BC experiment has been
copied by Dartmouth Penitentiary
near Moncton, N.B. There, "inmates"
have even held a "Bosses' Night"—a
traditional Jayco ceremony—in that
ceremony singing out several hospital
staff and training instructors for
prison.

Not all inmates do-gooders continue
to do good after they are released.
The first Redgrave boys let out in
parole soon wore some bad
cheques and went back behind bars.
"I guess we gave him too much re-
sponsibility," says Dune. "Like most
people in prison, he was immature."

But, he insists, there is a benefit to
the majority of members. "They cope
better with the outside world when
they leave."

SARAH BRADDOCK

CORRECTION

AN ARTICLE in the May issue of
Maclean's under the heading
The coming plot that surrounded Flying
Phil Gagliardi contained the mis-
statement: "The Gagliardi family's
fight into danger was ardently encour-
aged by the Soviet Credentials and
known to W. A. C. Bennett him-
self." Premier Bennett has advised
Maclean's that this statement is in-
correct. The editors of course accept
this denial and regret any embar-
rassment that may have been caused
by the reference to Mr. Bennett,
which was published in good faith.

EDITORIAL

Don't scorn the kid with the sign; he's in good company

IT IS NOT FASHIONABLE among contemporary adults to be unduly con-
cerned about the Cold War. To voice alarm, to speak with urgency about
the possibility of the extinction of mankind makes one sound naive,
evangelistic. Chances Little-oh.

The fashion is changing.

In a conversation speech at the University of Guelph this May, an-
thropologist Louis Leakey warned that man's extinction will take place
"in a very few years" unless he can find some way of controlling his
computer-like brain, which is in a stage of rapid psychological evolution.
"If world conditions remain as they are today," he said, "we are in
very great danger."

While an untidy teenage youth scribbles such thoughts on cardboard
and parades them on a stick it is easy to disregard the words and scorn
the warning. It is not so easy to disregard Dr. Louis Seymour Beckett
Leakey, 66, whose theories and discoveries on the origin of man have
earned textbooks to be rewritten. Not is it easy to dismiss man like
Nobel Prize winner George Wald, a Harvard biologist who, on March
4 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a remarkable and
much-repeated speech, expressed his profound disgust over the state
of the Cold War and told how he had asked "a distinguished profes-
sor of government at Harvard" what odds he would give on the possi-
bility of full-scale nuclear war as the foreseeable future. The response:
"I estimate the possibility of full-scale nuclear war, providing the situ-
ation remains about as it is now, at two percent per year." Two
percent per year means that the chance of full-scale nuclear war by
1990 is about one in three, and by 2000 it is about 50-50.

It is now a quarter of a century since Hiroshima and there are still
no controls on nuclear weapons or their proliferation. There seems little
reason to doubt that Israel, despite the desal, has the components
and the capacity to build and deliver the Bomb and every reason
to believe that the same will soon be true of other nations. The United
States and the Soviet Union now measure their stockpiles in terms of
"capacity for overkill." President Nixon's new secretary of state recently
made the ingenious proposal that the United States increase its nuclear
armaments so that they can deter from a position of strength. Scientists
in a number of countries, including Canada, are now producing plague
for which there is no treatment—biological cultures so lethal that even
a small quantity was found by error near Skull Valley, Utah, 6,000
sheep were killed some 30 miles away.

To quote Dr. Leakey again: "Our consciousness is being shattered
into distraction. If there isn't a war there will be an accident, and then
not only will civilized men die but so will the Pygmies of Africa, the
Bushmen of Australia and all that lives."

Dear Whisky



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MACLEAN'S
Few articles in Maclean's have caused as much angry dissent as the article in our May issue called The Natural Superiority Of Men, by Alexander Ross. In it, Ross surveyed a newly preferred theory from a Marxist sociologist, Dr. Lionel Tiger, who suggests that men dominate our society because they are predisposed to band together in a way females refuse to. The original responses have come, perfectly, from women, but the latest threatening and hysterical attack on Tiger's theory comes from a male — Dr. Louis Felschewer, an anthropologist at Simon Fraser University, who read the article and wrote:

PROFESSOR TIGER'S little exercise in "reflexive masculinity" would be strictly amusing if the social and political consequences of his pseudo-scientific theory were not so deplorable.

Ultimately, Tiger's views will not increase our knowledge of human behavior but will humiliate and reinforce the false justifications people use often for the unfair exploitation already extant in our society.

Tiger has made the usual, and natural, error of supposing that the particular group he belongs to — i.e., males — is bound to be superior to other groups. Thus he purveys racism in the most derogatory sense.

Tiger's argument, supposedly based on ethnology, is based working on the very ethnological evidence he cites. The fact is that numerous pieces of primary evidence on "male bonding" whatsoever, for example, within many subhuman primate kinds are often found the exact opposite of his argument. What males have been demonstrated in the course of competition for mates are obliged to live outside or on the fringes of the bands.

If we apply the old scientific definition that one little contrary fact is enough to destroy a theory, then Professor Tiger's theory is already a shambles.

But the crucial point is not whether Tiger is right or wrong about primates. The crucial point is that he applies his theory to human behavior, where it becomes absurd. An anthropological remarker shows, the way people are is not that expression of any inherent human nature. There is nothing fixed or inevitable about human social arrangements. On the contrary, our

An anthropologist (male) puts the lie to the "natural superiority" of men

social orders grow and diversify even when the environment remains constant. The same is not true of subhuman primates. Given an unchanging environment, they will remain an unchanging pattern of social behavior. Man is special, but ignoring the essential attributes of this kind of animal is as absurd as saying that dogs, rhinos, coyotes and frogs are equivalent. There is no need to forget the political and economic implications of other animals in order to note that what sets us apart from them is culture. It was culture that saved us in our beginnings and enabled us to become what we are today. Or, to put it another way, human culture is not merely an expression of our biological nature; it is also the cause of it.

Two million or more years ago, when people began using vocal sounds to convey meaning, what their emotional states, male did not seem to be as unusual but became a very different one. From that point on, man's biological characteristics evolved within the framework of the culture he constructed. What this means is that human beings, by promoting culture and changing their two social institutions, literally made themselves. The same statement cannot be made about any other organism on earth.

NOW, in developing any theory about behavior — of people or any other kind of creature — it is important to distinguish between the facts that are primary and those that are secondary. Tiger fails to make this distinction. Rather, he has completely confused the rules and significance of the two variables, culture and biology.

This confusion is revealed in a startlingly clear way by his statement about the PVI. "The PVI and its biological effects are fantastic departures from millions of years of genetic history, and they are beginning to have some effect on the way women behave." We are thus asked to believe that a man-made movement (i.e. culture) can in the short space of approximately five years overcome the effects of millions of years of genetic programming? It does not seem to occur to Professor Tiger that the irrational behavior of women was a cultural thing, and that is why the introduction of a new cultural factor (i.e. the PVI) could rapidly alter the old pattern of behavior.

Tiger's theory also contains one as-

sert of to have an order that I hesitate to refer to it for fear of dignifying it. This is the "argument of least similarity," which Tiger has borrowed from Ronald Loomis, the biologist who wrote *The Aggression*. The argument says that what is most general will likely be a cause and what is least frequent will be an effect. Tiger, in taking this line, notes that, in general, in human societies males are dominant and females are subordinate. This is so. Therefore (Ethnographic evidence indicates, by the way, that these social forms are not universal.) Tiger thus concludes that male dominance and female subordination are both natural.

MEN have deluded themselves with the same fallacious notion, of course — including some otherwise-prudent men. Aristotle used the same argument to defend slavery as a "natural" condition (the placed women on the same level as slaves, for the same reason.)

The tragic truth about male-female relations today is that women are inferior. They are inferior not because of any natural, organic condition, but because they have been conditioned to be so. They suffer from the same sort of exploitation, restrictive role-structuring and psychic crippling that have been inflicted upon many other persecuted groups. We need Professor Tiger's argument that the male "observability" of Confucius Indians, for instance, is due to "primate history!"

The whole argument might manifest purely modernist, except for one important consideration. For instance, Professor Tiger tells, quite simply, to force the popular belief that it is genetically proper and natural for certain groups — in this case, women — to occupy a subordinate position in our society. As a result, the members of such a group, along with any other people who are inclined to help them, are becoming impressed with the notion that it is useless to struggle against this "normal" and "inevitable" condition.

In summary, Tiger's basic thesis is a refutation of low-grade primate ethnology, unacknowledged genetics, ethnographic ignorance and past plus bad logic. Moreover, it is probably correct to say his theory is bound to become a part of "popular journalism" (and a piece of suburban folk wisdom) at MacLean's. The notion of unambiguously transcending male-female behavior is extremely effective propaganda. As women, however, it is indefensible.

PLATFORM



he think I was surrounded by 1,000 or more largely Liberal staff of whom he had paid \$50 for the pleasure of dining with the Prime Minister of Canada and hearing a speech from him.

Mr. Trudeau's audience rose to receive him, giving him *renouveau* with their applause and beating *Lucas*. But when he had completed his address and they struggled to their feet again it was gladly an action the banquet hall was hushed with awe.

Mr. Trudeau does not communicate with his constituents the way he used to do. He looks the same, sounds the same, but the electric charisma is absent. So having gone to the dinner to cheerlead on the Prime Minister I came away thinking of the leader of the Opposition, Robert Stanfield.

Mr. Stanfield lost in 1968, partly because of internal schisms among the Tories, but largely he lost to Mr. Trudeau's inexperience. As a result he has no incentive to make policies resembling, or government existing. Indeed, Stanfield is the only politician in Canada who might be said to have a mandate to lower the temperature of every issue in which he speaks.

The outward style of Stanfield is a composite of self-deprecating wit and unadorned attractiveness, with a severity that is disarmingly effective, matched only by the man's simplicity in appearance among the goatees. He takes some getting used to: first once the country gets over its initial disorientation about Stanfield — the man who first turned them off — it will begin to see his virtues. Meanwhile, the citizens are recovering nicely from the palpating experience with Trudeau — the man who first turned them on — and beginning to see the flaws. So that by 1972, when the

Dalton Camp tells how Robert Stanfield can win the next election

next general election is due and the wit of the parties is resumed, Stanfield will not be disadvantaged by the phenomenon of the Prime Minister's personality, as he seemed to be in 1968. And the contest between their right to be nearly cerebral and less apathetic.

One can only guess the mood of the country in 1972, but certainly the electorate will be older, wiser, and more skeptical. The young I suspect will find conservatism more fashionable, liberality a lot less so. They are less likely to be swept aside than last by the goals of propaganda that predictably will be coming from the establishment's liberal organs of opinion.

But indeed everyone will be older, including the Prime Minister, who will be past his 50s. And he will be caught between the public memory of him as a young, vigorous prime minister of the psychopaths, and the requirement to act his age, a role he has yet to play.

There is no doubt in my mind at least, the country is going through its most liberal period in its history, not unlike the late '30s when we were so much governed by a liberalistic state of mind, not only making virtue out of necessity, but recognizing that our necessities were virtuous. We are almost as strong and continuously prospered today as we were then, and we are now led by a man remarkably like Maclean King.

So while the country remains in this buoyant mood, its social conscience, which has been occasionally a capping iron leviathan visited a home. Which is why, early, the radicals in both parties are having such a hard time and why the radical movement in Canada is being reduced to dust.

Yet another reason for the collapse of radicalism is in the extremes of the pres-

ent-day million revolutions who have preoccupied the Left of politics and of limited all other opinion beyond reason. For a time, it was a part of the Prime Minister's tactical plan to identify with this element in the spectrum (excluding the separatists), just as it was Stanfield's style to react to them with candor, to put them down. It is clear now that the Prime Minister has no sobering powers to cool the members of the Left as it is clear that the quiet, pleasant reaction was Stanfield's, with his comfortable doubts, you cannot "dialogue" with those whose fundamental purposes are to destroy your position.

I suspect Stanfield will grow on the country, not only by the natural disenchantment with Trudeau, but as well because of his own qualities. So far, the leader of the Opposition has been the terrible man of Canadian politics, diligently doing his household chores in parliament — the last man on the public realm to suffer from overexposure.

Each election campaign has its own scenario: it will be in the liberal script to make the Prime Minister the indispensable man to Confederation, with academic variations on "One Canada," and perhaps a new villain found to play the heavy from Quebec. Stanfield, who was almost lost from sight in the last election, ought to have no cooler time, if only because the ground will be flatter. Add the fact that John Diefenbaker will not be such a constant consideration and one might say that Stanfield's next campaign will be a positive joy.

And the shopping process will not be the vote-harvesting process of Mr. Trudeau's next campaign. The severity is gone, the search will be more crucial and there will be a government's record so defined.

As for the scenario itself — Confederation, and all that — it will take some left wing imagination to make it a credible issue to Canadians. Politicians have cried "Wolfe!" so often, in Quebec and elsewhere, that we are very nearly weary of it, and due for an election in which the words will relate to wheat, fish, and horses, and in reality, even — *ladies*. Stanfield, who has been scrupulously responsible and constructive in the Confederation issue, suffers no personal hardship in this area of policy anyway. In the more controversial issues he is as much at home as anyone, and in agriculture and resources, he is conspicuously more at home than Trudeau.

There is a tendency to underestimate Robert Stanfield, a feeling reinforced by the last election. But for those who are prepared to look ahead to the next election, it is not likely to tomorrow's ball game, it does strike me that Canada's most underestimated public man might well be its next prime minister. Think it over. □

NEXT MONTH: *Sensory Keith Derry*



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But why, we recently reasoned, let Americans enjoy all of it? That, the prodigal has returned. If you're not moved to toast a fatted calf—simply have fun over for a drink.

Canadian Lord Calvert.

From right: 3 famous Canadians in the U.S. Oscar Peterson, Guy Lombardo, Canadian Lord Calvert. One has returned for good.

Gabec report: fair & objective / Nes: 'different,' yes 'superior,' no! / Greese: no risk, no janta

Place a "Kiss" is one of the last documents on the French Canadian subject that is fair and objective. I am a French Canadian, born in Quebec City and living in Toronto for five years. I think being away from Quebec for that length of time cannot hurt his opinion to have an objective point of view. An article like yours does more for Canadians than any many of the opinions we hear.

Your article on René Lévesque (*The Anglier Glee: An Old Calls For A New*) is very good. I am glad to see that you do not write with his philosophy. I think he is a horrible man and he may draw a lot of votes in the next election in Quebec. — J. LYNNER, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Prof. Louis Dagick

As Mr. Baer's Chief Of Projects, Faculty, you give a constant as Professor Louis Dinkel taken from a curriculum study made by McGill's Arts and Science Undergraduate Society. "The terms used Professor Dinkel, (a) as diagnostic and (b) as willing to prove only one thing: that it is not possible to teach students to think solely on their own. This contract with four other significant sentences from the McGill guide. "We was the only interesting. He handled the course material well." Comments were given.

The course was generally worth while. Prof. Dinkel is one of the

the Peace Corps Program of the United States—THOMAS H. ARNOLD, CHAIRMAN, AMERICAN OVERSIGHT BOARD

Football fixtures

THE STAMBORE in *Walt's Tie Dyeed Fender Bender in Comedian Spots?* At Movie Palace But John Barrow of the Birmingham Tiger Cats football team had been offered "a three-year, no-cut \$300,000 contract from the San Diego Chargers," a PRICED SCAND — NO DILLMAN, GENERAL MANAGER-COACH SAN DIEGO CHARGERS, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

Greene: stay away

Reading Robert Thomson Alton's article, *Journey To Another Planet: Greece* one would scarcely know that Greece, the cradle of democracy, is controlled by a corrupt and authoritarian government, one upon the freedom of the press, labor and political prisoners spent upon basic democratic freedoms and human rights are virtually nonexistent. It is a shame that the majority of progressive people everywhere. All we read here is that Greek children are "the luckiest in the world," that teenagers are well behaved, that the country is a beautiful island, that it is rich. This is exactly what the Greek press wants people to believe, that the people are happy with their government, that the country is a beautiful island, and that really, it is the thing, destroying some of that bad old stuff, the Greek press must be a world leader that could severely affect its foreign relations. For trade relations you do the Greeks. So far Greece is making sense for people who really care about these things to read. www.alton.com



Maclean's Esther Clarke Tompkins (centre) and sister Alexander Ross Inghis listen to angry protests against the article. The Natural Superiority Of Nee, Joan members of the Women's Liberation Movement and The New Feminists who staged a non-violent demonstration in front of the Maclean/Inghis Building

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then: "natural" superiority?

By what process of reasoning does it follow that men who are good at horses, and who are good at raising sheep (The Natural Superiority Of Men)? It's the women who remain at the village (or wherever) who organize and run things, not the hunting party.

• The Royal Commission on the Status of Women may be a little late. For women, it is thought providing. Perhaps the "enemies" are frightened of women's demands and positive feelings and a lot of women's voices.

* The only things your cover subjects forget to cover up were their faces — in shame!

4. When will men stop saying "superior" when they mean "different"? I suspect it will be when they stop thinking "superior" when they say "different".
 ARE WITH MICHAEL KATY DC

5 When I saw the cover together with
the inside spread, I realized that competi-
tion really must be tough. I was so in-
censed, I sat right down to write without
reading a word of it.

4. The ultimate implication of the male head is disturbing if males were based as follows that it is biologically impossible for men to act as individuals. They must function in groups, or they cannot function at all. Indeed, they are defined by the group, without it they have no existence. This is superiority?

LAUREL CALVERT, WOODBURY, ILL.

Q Really, do you need that sort of thing as an oil separator?
A I know. I've got one. But

* Marlene's never slept as low before — unless I want. TORONTO

I wonder how you are...



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FOR
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NOW
JAPAN
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NATIONAL
PICK-ME-UP

EXP 70

CONSIDERING THAT THE world's fair at Osaka next year will be a massive global village showing how man has taken over from God in manipulating his environment, there was something reassuring — and symbolically Japanese — about the ground-breaking ceremony. Nine priests of the traditional Shinto faith, dressed in stained silk robes, sang an ancient ritual to exorcise spirits that might be disturbed by the bulldozers. Next, they called on four fair residents from the Grand Shirens of Ice to perform a ceremonial dance designed to placate any spirits angered by the excavation. And then, to attract friendly spirits, two priests scattered rice and ash on the four corners of the site — from a jet helicopter.

As they left two rarely seen dignitaries stepped forward to bury seven religious objects designed to earn the favor of the gods for Expo '70. One was a Japanese mirror to reflect the image of any interested deity. Then they stood back to gaze at a color-TV set to see Prime Minister Sato 345 miles away in Tokyo press a button to begin construction. It triggered a dynastic blast that blew an ancient grove of bamboo to Hades.

And that, in a way, helps explain why Japan is staging an official first-class world exposition in 1970.

Japan's industrial development began only 100 years ago, when the Samurai warlords were deposed and

the monarchy restored. In the staggering achievement of becoming the world's fourth most productive industrial state, the Japanese have managed to marry the old and the new — and, in one Expo planner puts it, "developed an infinitely complex about the Western culture we have used as our example. Frankly, I believe that's the real reason for Expo '70 — it's a chance to prove to ourselves we're not second-best any more."

Strangely, it is not an easy thing for the Japanese to accept. The nation still suffers, albeit psychologically, from a malaise the Japanese call *amae*, an overbearing word that means literally "postwar" but also conveys the conviction of defeat and despair. Toru Hagawa, Commissioner-General of Expo '70, says, "I believe your Expo '67 extended a spirit of national pride in Canadian people, which until then Canada lacked. Well, we too need a turning point. The world knows we have recovered from the war, but the people don't. We want to show the Japanese people that — that *amae wa owaru* — postwar is over."

Of course, such successive world's fairs has to be bigger than the last. Organizers of Expo '70 don't have only the task of restoring Japanese faith in Japan; their exposition is, after all, the first ever held in the Orient, so there's a measure of baroque pride at stake, and to that end Japan is hell-bent on making Expo '70 bigger and brighter and grander and braver and

BY ALAN EDMUNDS

generally more representative than Canada's Expo 67. For Japanese characteristics it is perhaps unfortunate, therefore, that Expo 70 must owe so much to Expo 67. The name, for example, the word Expo was coined for the Montreal fair, and Japan has borrowed it partly because it is a schematic derivative of the word "exposition," and partly because it makes sense to clash in on the latter the more still bears. And then, because the fair is to be close together, it is inevitable that one be to some extent an extension of the other.

At Osaka next year the audio-visual movie revolution that began at Montreal will reach a bewildering peak; most pavilions will depend heavily on multi-screen or multi-image movies. The shade of Marshall McLuhan burns over the Senn Halls between Osaka and Kyoto, where 815 acres of rice paddies and bamboo groves have now vanished as billboards and power sheds and goosecaded cranes snort and away around the infrastructure of partly built pavilions like restless herds of prewar monsters.

But Expo 67 already has the credit for being the catalyst of the communications revolution, so Expo 70 will have to look elsewhere for a place in history. There is, after all, a lesson in such matters: Canada's cultural unity came, Robert Fulford, divides world expositions hardly into "great" and "good." The great ones leave a durable legacy, as the 1851 fair in Britain left the Crystal Palace and building prefabrication. History has yet to judge Expo 67, but Heintz, the haggardly-pugled apartment block, may permanently change the nature of urban life.

As of this summer, it seems likely that Expo 70's claim on history will be the way it will show how man can shut out the man he has made of the natural world he inherited and live under cover in a controlled environment. "We are building the cities of tomorrow," says Kenzo Tange, world-renowned supervising architect of Expo 70. "All the pavilions except ours look like they are just much suspended over displays or movie shows," says Vagra Housberg, the Vancouver architect supervising the construction of Canada's pavilion.

The U.S. pavilion is, in effect, several floors below ground with an inflated potpourri air-matrix of a roof kept in place by the air pressure inside the pavilion, which has earthenware instead of walls in its single-story roofline. Several other pavilions — notably the U.N., West Germany, British Columbia — are now below that above ground. Elsewhere there are some soaring southern (Rumoi's is the highest), but walls hung like curtains, and the translucent dome of a Backman Fuller is a recurrent motif.

Architect Tange, having decided that Expo 67 lost

much of its potential impact by scattering three pavilions around the site, has gathered them all together in a symbol plaza three fifths of a mile long, most of it covered by the largest single translucent roof in the world, some 1,000 feet long and 354 feet wide. More controlled environment — and Tano Okamoto, the Japanese-plaster-architect who designed the all-in-one three pavilions in a style reminiscent of an Inca rain god, says gleefully that "Professor Tange is upset because I break right through his beautiful roof with my Tower of the Sun. Architects think of environment in terms of what is technically feasible, while the artist must think of what is desirable."

Feasibility has been stretched to considerable lengths. The symbol plaza is called the "trunk" of the exhibition, and the "branches" will be more than a mile of moving sidewalks traveling through transparent tunnels cooled by the biggest air-conditioning plant in the world, which will also cool all Expo 70 buildings.

It is fitting that Expo should symbolize something world concern with environment. Japan, after all, extends its passion for pavilions to horrendous problems in housing, traffic congestion, air and water pollution. Rush-hour traffic in Tokyo, Osaka and other big cities frequently congests for hours, and Japanese traffic cops often wear oxygen masks. In Japan, busways snarl from city centers, providing alternative transportation such as moving sidewalks and electric cars and of other controlled-environment devices have long since ceased to be "planners' dreams," they are almost necessities. In four days I saw Osaka smog-free but once (on 6 a.m.), and learned for the first time what air pollution tastes like.

But if Expo 70 is "great" as well as "good," it may be because of the fact and perhaps most important lesson the Japanese learned at Montreal from their own pavilion. It was destructively commercial.

"We learned our industries should change their participation in our Expo 70," says Masao Tobita,

director of exhibits. "We were afraid foreign countries would see too much commercialism, and not take part."

Since at that time about 30 of the then-planned pavilions — all big ones — were scheduled to be built by industries or companies, the question of commercialism was crucial. Planners took a tough commercial law and three companies withdrew, presumably because they were more interested in the progress of their own companies than in Progress and Harmony for Mankind, which is Expo 70's official theme.

Much of Japan's considerable artistic and technical expertise and talent are now focused on helping the

28 remaining "domestic" pavilions create one another in terms of ease, splendor and economy.

The most spectacular movie will probably be *Astronema*, staged by the Midori-Kai group, in which the film set only encloses the audience (at the Bell Telephone pavilion in Montreal), but also covers the dome-like ceiling, so that in one sequence you will watch the arena barrels above you, a helicopter landing to the left, pagoda waddling to the right and a snowy wasteland all around. The Fuji group, whose focal point is the Fuji bank, are weighing in with an inflatable building, or canopy, to house the biggest single-screen movie in the world, largely made by a

Canadian company headed by Renata Krieger, the Canadian who produced *Labyrinth* at Expo 67. Of the scores of film crews out on location, one is sitting on an island near Hawaii, waiting for a volcano to erupt, another is borrowing a warship from the Japanese government so it can sail into the eye of a hurricane when the windy season starts this September.

"Expo will be very exhausting. People will be battered by sounds and visions. That is why it is important the grounds have quiet places, where people may go for a moment's peace," says Kyoko Tsuboi, the art designer. He has designated about a half-dozen mini-parks and the banks of a couple of artificial lakes as "havens" — by which he means there will be no loud-speakers in these areas. They are also located from the 60-acre classical Japanese garden. Tsuboi, believing we made a mistake in Montreal in the distribution of public restaurants and snack bars, has grouped all such facilities in seven places named after the days of the week. "At Expo 67 people with box lunches had to eat in full view of others walking by," says Tsuboi.

Another Montreal mistake, he thinks, was a scarcity of trees. He plans to have some 300,000 trees on the Osaka site, mostly alternated with hedges through-out the grounds, occasionally dropping in shelters and drinking fountains. The shelters are necessary, says Japan's rainy season and July and August are uncomfortable hot. Planners who are vigorous of Montreal have advised foreign architects to provide shelters for inevitable fumes.

But trouble with guests could begin before visitors reach the fair. Expo 70 organizers stubbornly insist on working to the modest estimate of 30-million visits, including one million by foreigners. Using these figures, they say there will be adequate accommodation. The problem of accommodating the millions of Japanese city dwellers on the grounds that most will stay with friends, in public dormitory accommodation or modest hotels and boarding houses. Of the design

visions, they say that within an hour of the site there are already 6,000 Western-style hotel rooms, and that new hotels will provide another 4,000.

But the fact is that you have a hard time finding a hotel room in Osaka at any time, let alone during a world's fair, and independent agencies estimate attendance at anything up to 67 million, not the official 30-million. One Canadian diplomat thinks the organizers fear to estimate too high a figure for fear of "losing face" if they don't reach it. But suppose the official estimate are wrong? "Then we will be in a crisis," concludes Expo information chief Takao Komatsu.


Canadian travel experts say the Japan Travel Bureau is equally attractive. The Japanese say 20,500 Canadian will visit Japan during the run of Expo. Travel agents here expect the figure will be at least 30,000. At least half a dozen travel agencies and airlines are running tours that will stop off at Expo. Canadian Pacific Airlines, which runs four scheduled flights to Japan each week, already plans to carry around 10,000 people to Japan for Expo about 52 shorter flights. Anticipating difficulties, Canadian Pacific is planning to put a note in Osaka with the specific job of solving passenger emergency accommodation problems.

Understandably, the Japanese are not so modest in publishing the number of visitors participating in Expo 70. Expo 67 had 62, the Japanese expect 70. In April they said 65 nations were committed — and then Poland unexpectedly dropped out. But it was hardly

announced the number remained unchanged because a Middle East shakedown had signed up. The numbers game is convoluted: the U.S. cut its planned Expo spending from \$144 million to around \$10 million. Determined to do better, the Russians are reported to be spending \$20 million. Their pavilion will be the biggest at Osaka.

That leaves Canada, with four pavilions and a total involvement of around \$21 million, as the nation with the biggest investment at Expo 70.

Expo 67 gave Canada a sense of national pride and, perhaps, of identity. Expo 70 may end the unhealthy Japanese reverence for things "foreign." Most Japanese neither read nor speak English, yet some of their domestic products have English names. Cars, for instance, they are called the Sunny, the Bluebird, the Crown, the Centric. Sometimes the fact that English is both an alien language and culture shows through: one car is called the Gloria, perhaps after a film star, and I drove to the Expo one, about eight miles outside Osaka, in a Nissan sedan called the Cubic. It was named after the hero in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. □



The many-mirrored multiscreened
green-gabled aurora-borealis
McLuhanistic electronic face of

CANADA AT EXPO 70

A WORLD'S FAIR IS UTOPIA. It is the rare time and place where the desirable takes precedence over the possible, and above all it is the party at which we put our best face forward: where we ask the world to see us as we want them to, not as we are. And anyway, what say we?

The first time Marnah Hodge, who is black and very Canadian and talks as fast as she drives, and Frank Mayrs, who is going bald and wears a bushy ginger beard and is full of long anecdotes, remember confronting that very Canadian question was in the ancient Japanese capital of Kyoto, which is near the site of Expo '70. Marnah and Mayrs were touring through the tree-cooled shadows of a Buddhist temple, noticing the Japanese bowing to one another when they clashed in a doorway, which is just one of the clearly defined rules of behavior among

BY ALAN EDMONDS (Illustrations by Mortley Gross)

EXPO

an event people who have learned how to live crowded together in an overcrowded land and survive.

Marrish, writer and broadcaster and co-ordinator of the then unarticulated theme of Canada's insecure position at Expo '76 and Mayor, chief danger of the pavilion, had only just discovered for themselves something that an advertising agency had already told the Canadian government: the Japanese don't really care about Canada. "The display of our pavilion, had only just discovered for themselves something that an advertising agency had already told the Canadian government: the Japanese don't really care about Canada."

Some people for agency questioned thought Canada's PM was Josephine Baker, though John DeLoach had been here on his office for several years.

More positively, while Canada does mean to the Japanese is naive, Niagara Falls, under the Niagara River — and *Along the River* (Red Island) which is the title of the Japanese version of Lucy Maud Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* a school house in Japan. We have to start straightening out the head of the snake you are already got," said Marrish. "You couldn't convince the Japanese that Indian girls don't wear tam, or that Americans don't show guns, or that the American don't always catch their rats at their Red-shouldered Anne don't go on skating in Prince Edward Island in the foot of the Rocky Mountains, with the snow-borne plinking overhead. Our position of the book I saw this all that on the cover."

And so Marrish and Mayor bowed to the Buddhist monk on duty at the temple, entered into the Kyoto entering where a new Giza built hangs tangy over the skyline, and returned to their respective pavilions, or traditional Japanese tank, is one for a month flower and a temple with the world's truth that they would have to cope out on a surprising the contrast about a Canadian? Later, in the conference, where Canada they were to decide to invite the Japanese to do what we have never been able to do for ourselves. Find out what a Canadian is.

The official theme, therefore, is "Discovery" which doesn't represent much progress as the subject of Canadian identity at a world's fair where the theme is to be maintained by all pavilions is Progress and Harmony for Mankind. Otherwise, Canada will do well by the theme, displaying considerable honesty in showing how our desperate and sometimes warring ethnic groups live in relative harmony.

As we said at the beginning, a world's fair in Utopia. Canada has a bigger stake

in Expo '76 than any other nation, excepting Japan, because we are spending around \$21 million on one national and three pavilion pavilions. And yet we will probably be the last nation in telling nations what we are, they are of the 18th or 19th century expected to set up shop at the global village now being built in the Sheraton Hotel outside Ontario.

Like the building Vancouver's Expo '76, the display — and the other pavilions — used to represent Canada the land, not Canadians the people. Just as the Canadian building visitors will face a show of nature of Anne of Green Gables, taken from a Japanese version of the book, it is a suburban, then Anne has no face. After being "painted" through five chambers, and given six minutes in each, the visitors will reach a sixth area, where they can spend unlimited time. As they leave they will see an Eskimo carving extensively putting the Eskimo worker is a reserve will mural. In fact, the mural will show he himself. There will always be one panel being turned.

Apart from British Columbia's varied nature in Japan, it's hard to explain the extent of Canada's involvement in Expo '76 beyond the fact that the commission was made in the flesh of worlds far fewer around the agenda of Expo '67. We already will move to Japan that we buy a lot that determines the Japanese government and prompt Louis Desjardins, the Quebec pavilion construction general, to explain French Canada's intent is to attract possible Japanese investment and to make an impression on the Japanese between the ages of 12 and 18 so that they will remember Quebec when they are old enough to decide whether to migrate, or visit, or invest money here." Basically, Quebec is in because it seemed a good idea at the time. The same might be said of Ontario.

British Columbia's pavilion makes more economic sense, says Japanese capital and expertise has in recent years revitalized the province's once flagging natural-resources industries. Premier W. A. C. Brown, who referenced only \$400 million for Canada's own world's fair, is putting down one and a half million dollars into Expo '76.

The shape of Canada's face at Expo '76 — the buildings themselves — is already well known to Arthur Erickson, who designed the tented-structured national pavilion, questions whether the buildings are properly understood. Of his own design, he says, "Nobody seems to be able to get across the idea of the pavilion, covering the inside with the Canadian pavilion. The walls are at a 45-degree angle so they directly reflect the sky, so that the building simply disappears in the reflection of the world around it. The reflection are constantly changing like the world of the 1970s, and it appears to have no beginning and

no end, which is a very familiar concept to the Oriental mind. At the same time that is a symbol of our land."

Inside, the five chambers will have each several pictures of one land or another. The background scene in two of them and the music involved in the other part of the other three is being written and played by a chatty free-lance Vancouver rock group called The Collectors, which is a band of five.

In the one, called *Molting* (Discovery hall), will be shown a film of a school bus parked in picturesque solar in a stretch across Canada, but not these displaying rugged properties to

can fly, yet), carrying the long-haired, shaggy-headed Collectors. And every where it goes it, and The Collectors, speak great courtesy. The courtesy itself is supposed to be a demonstration of the underlying between Canadians and the Japanese. Collector Bill Henderson says that "like the mirror, it's a discovery thing: people mirror one another."

The Canadian pavilion's claim to audio-visual distinction will be double-headed. The first, called *Along the While Green Space*, will be a total-immersion light-and-sound show in a pyramid-shaped room, where those of the walls will be screens used for sound.

The second major presentation is *Ways*

and is another chamber. Employing techniques that everyone hopes will remain unique until Expo '76 disappear. Means Daybreak is using thousands of small light-bombs so if they were the skin on a TV screen and looking at a miniature story of man leaving their skyscraper office and going out to the bath. The light-bombs will be supplemented by actuality when a car stops at an intersection, for instance, it does so at a real stop light.

Both these presentations avoid acting, but the truth may be that they are a substitute for the movies Canada's pavilion film makers are busy preparing for other people. The main sub-

made Expo '76's Japanese for the National Film Board, known Koster is co-producer of what will probably be one of the two most exciting Expo '76 movies — the *Five Faces* composite pavilion. Gussie Ferguson, who made the meeting "camera-in-the-road" film for the Polar pavilion at Montreal is associated with Koster; their company is called Multivision Corporation. Don Irwin, an NFB creative who worked on *Logan's*, is directing the *Five Faces*. Chris Chapman, whose *A Place To Stand* was in Ontario, is making another movie for the Ontario pavilion.

The Koster company film, co-produced by Nicole Kilbuck who made



Surrounded by a rubber space soaring 188 feet above the Expo fairgrounds, the British Columbia pavilion cast one and a half million dollars. It has a narrow, vertical and glass roof that reflects the sun. The pavilion was designed by Arthur Erickson and is a reflection of the world around it. The pavilion is a symbol of the world of the 1970s, and it appears to have no beginning and

Woman Of The Future is for the biggest single-screen projector in the world — a piece of equipment that embodies an Australian invention developed at Melbourne University in Birmingham so that it is possible to take a single 70-mm picture and with a single projector show it sideways on a screen the size of three Canadian screens upended and placed side by side. The technique is exciting to the movie industry since it has considerable commercial possibilities. Other massive multiscene multi-image movies are largely gimmicky. "Ducks will be a disappointment we couldn't afford any other way," says Kistler.

Director Britain says the technique makes it easy "to scare people, or make them dizzy. What's hard is to say something that has some depth to it." Believing LaFontaine was not indicated, Britain has spent more than a year globetrotting to produce footage for a film that will appeal primarily to the Canadians and say very simply that "here is the world in 1970 and a lot of people to be getting screwed by other people."

He plans to add an underbelly. One sequence about dancing the world shows a circus and a mother bathing her baby. A sequence called *Force Of Attraction* includes a staged shot of a sex-obsessed woman shoplifting from Eschsch in Montreal, in comparison with footage of markets in solitary confes-

sionist St. Vincent de Paul territory. One of Britain's problems was trying to find how to shock or stimulate or amaze the Japanese. "Their attitudes are hard for Westerners to understand," he says. "For instance, one of the Japanese I work with was telling me with what seemed to be great glee about the time his father decided to kill himself and actually bought a do-it-yourself book of suicide methods. I asked where he happened knowing the old boy was still alive he was still laughing so hard I would hardly have been able to hear him say that his father had been quite successful, by jumping off a very high bridge. If only I'd known, in those circumstances, the laughter indicated his great grief because the greater the grief the less it must be shown."

The problems of Chris Chapman are even more obvious, because he himself is probably the hardest act to follow. "I think people are maybe expecting too much of me this time," he says. "The film I am making will use the same basic optical techniques as *A Place To Stand* but the big difference will be in the content. *A Place To Stand* was about the land, the Expo '70 movie is about people."

It is the Japanese image of Canada as a land of contentment more than its dramatic design thinking for the 334-million Quebecers, which will be largely devoted to celebrating the fact that French Canada—all Canada, for that matter—is a spring, a summer and an autumn as well as long winter. Commissioner-Général Lévesque is part of this spring trying to persuade ju-

venile designer Julien Hébert that the first chamber should also provide the warmth of the season. There are four displays, one for each season. Designers suggested that the air around people should be cold, that autumn should be warm and that in autumn the visitor should meet the smell of burning leaves. Hébert says the technical difficulties are awesome "and besides, someone will be sure to think it's a real fire, and panic."

With a relatively modest \$445,000 budget for movies, Quebec's major move is a four-screen affair. Some after *Saison* directed by Gilles Carle and to be shown in a chamber lined with mirrors in such a way that the movie will seem to vanish into infinity. "We will use an screen-painting technique in reverse," says Carle. "Normally, such a technique would move from reality to abstraction, we will move from abstraction to reality."

Movies and display chambers apart, the Quebec pavilion will also house a small theatre in which it is hoped to show, among other things, 3-D movies using a revolutionary technique developed in Montreal that makes special viewing glasses unnecessary.

The Quebec planners have an advantage over their colleagues in Ottawa and Toronto: the deputy commissioner of the pavilion, Arnold Berner, spent six years in Japan and married a Japanese girl. Berner, Quebec really avoided the more obvious pitfalls, such as the use of the words for fear or race. In Japanese that is "dis," which also means death, and race is "haga," or suffering.

Berner also considered the traditional cathedral which the Japanese borrowed from the Chinese along with their written language and chose the most appropriate for beginning construction work on the building. Many Japanese, particularly older ones, live according to whether a particular day is good for any marriage or dining or changing a job or even cooking a particular dish. Berner's Japanese mother-in-law planned a trip to Canada via Vancouver just prior to the launch of the cathedral and for her 1969 is not a propitious year to take a plane ride in a westerly direction. So she is flying to Montreal via Europe instead.

Another old Japan hand, Felix Southworth, commissioner-general of the British Columbia pavilion, has made a decision that should cause the other Canadian Expo planners to worry. He is returning most of his grids in Japan. He says that when speaking Japanese the oldest the sexes and generations use to one another is of great importance and few Canadian girls given a crash course in Japanese will speak the language as a must be spoken in Japan.

One day in April Southworth said in his Vancouver office and demonstrated the point by taking his secretary, a beautiful second-generation Japanese girl, to say "Hello" in Japanese. "Gomen" he said with his Canadian accent. Said Southworth, "See, a young girl, at these games will be, must say 'Gomen to all' or people in a very special way to show respect and some deference. The zone of voice must drop on the first 'o' and rise

quite high on the final 'o.' The tone of voice matters in many things."

And you know, Southworth may be right in Japan the men speak the language quite harshly and the girls breathe Southworth's fear is that the pavilion will get a bad name in Japan if visitors are affronted by the manner in which young girls speak to them.

From the design, the BC pavilion may need no such help to become popular. Masterminded by 26-year-old designer John Cunningham whose previous claim to fame was a very unusual 60-bed hospital in Revelstoke, its chambers are largely underground, while above ground is a "hall" made of some of the world's tallest trees cut out of the BC forest for the purpose and standing to a preposterous peak 180 feet high. There will also be a stream, a waterfall and a pond in a gravelly plaza at the foot of the trees.

We require two and a half million to go through the pavilion — and 10 million to walk over it," says Cunningham.

He adds "BC cannot be expressed in terms of a building. It is an environment — it is the environment that makes us what we are. So I have created an environment that houses a display."

In the process, he has produced a technique that he says will give a sense of movement to otherwise static displays of people at play and work, and he has located pavilions in one of the pavilion's two theatres behind the waterfall so that visitors will feel as though they are walking underwater. For the theatres, he has recruited the men who helped make

Crestedheadville's Montreal pavilion the window of Expo '67.

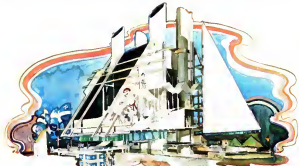
Dr. Ruden Cincera, who made Kin-Automatic for Montreal and Jerusalem Expo, who was deeply involved in Expo '67, says he had \$402,000 out of BC's \$1,400,000 Expo '70 budget for two pavilions. One will be a multi-image called Polycentric in which 56 three-mounted screens will each have independently run their projects capable of changing slides in one constant of a second or faster than the eye can see.

For the second theatre, Cunningham says he has devised a technique that will contain a screen 66 feet high and only 15 feet wide. "Suburb will have a psychologically fantastic effect — you can create total suspension — is the theme of my visual experience. It is the theme of subspatial — people at opposite sides of the earth."

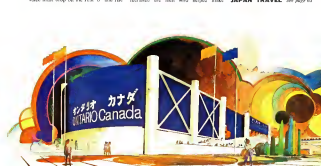
In this case the people at one side — the Japanese — are being presented with the people at the other side — the Canadians. They will accept us only if we present ourselves credibly, only if we are, at least in part, *A Place To Stand*, surrounded by stone and surrounded by the sparkling Marquis in Niagara Falls in three Edwardian Island, hard by the Rocky Mountains. When it comes to the world's fair at Expo, from site, as Quebec pavilion designer Hébert says, "we separate the two."

But the question remains: what is Canada? C

JAPAN TRAVEL See page 63



The two halves of Quebec's giant-shaped pavilion hang from the massive steel "Apostrophe" — two columns of which proper stylized to emphasize the fact that Quebec is heavily inflected, not just a land of eternal snowy winters.



Partly because it is windowless, even say Ontario's pavilion is "baroque." But the province wanted it that way. It is, basically, the movie theatre, one for an audio-visual show, one for a film by Chris (A Place To Stand) Chapman.

CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW AT EXPO'70



The shaggy five who dress up Canada with a big beat

For all their dressy boydos, men Canadian rock performers are as down-to-earth as forged gunboats and as interlopable as bottle caps. Five exceptions are Bill Henderson (guitar), Glenn Lawrence (organ, sax, flute), Ross Torrey (drums), Gene Miller (bass) and Steve Vickers (vocals) who together comprise a Vancouver group called The Colossians and are among the Canadian stars of Expo '70.

While making this shaggy quartet — still little known in eastern Canada — exceptional is its refreshing lack of exploring every variation of the big beat ballroom, hard rock, country boogie, jazz, electric pyrotechnics, even lounge songs belting out at a Colossians performance, and their first album featured

a 20-minute long suite that was judiciously despised for being too long, too frugging.

"We started playing for stuprums in a Vancouver club called The Torch," recalls Henderson, who with Lawrence, a former jazz anthropologist, writes most of the group's material, "thirteen two and a half years ago. Today, The Colossians, all of whom are professionals at their 20s, are busily writing and recording music to back the big light-show at Expo '70's multinational Canadian pavilion."

"We're using everything we know," says Henderson. "In some ways our music will be background and its culture will be pretty dominant. The whole pavilion is full of nations, which are wired in the Japanese culture. Our idea was to compare a lot of group stuff about people using themselves in such ways."

Which seems a considerable progression from music-to-jazz-by in The Torch.

A soul sister who sells Canada as a place to grow

There may be a measure of Pollyannaism in the view of Canada and her color by a refreshingly frontal assault on the subject of race she says. "I enjoy being a Canadian Negro. Apart from anything else, I don't have any rigidly defined barriers to uphold. I don't have to go around being something I do not become that's what I'm supposed to be. I am free to be a child of my environment. I really am, and I'm glad that I'm not what I've heard called a professional Canadian WASP."

She deflates her concept of a Canadian in *Not Guilty* times. She sees it as a people who, freed of a tradition against which we must measure ourselves and the others, are "involved in an ongoing process of discovery, which means we're always trying to find a better way of doing something."

As theatre co-ordinator of Canada's Expo '70 pavilion, she sees it as her job to sell Canada as a place and a society where there's room for everyone to grow. Which is a change from selling underwear as she did when the left college and went into advertising more years ago than the new times to admit.

Since then she has been married twice (most recently to Austrian photographer Rod Hays), had two children, both now teenagers, written a whole slew of children's stories, television shows and films, and co-ordinated the design and planning effort for the People's Fine at Expo '67 in which the portraits of about 600 Canadians were used to create the inevitable Mosaic of Canada.

A second-generation Canadian born in Montreal and raised in a downtown area surrounded by French, French Canadian, Irish Catholics and an enclave of Anglicans, Marlene Hodge says, "I don't see myself as the first-born identity. I don't have any pre-ideas perhaps because I don't feel about it. I just enjoy being me."



The sophisticated who's our best-known "little girl"

In a broadwig, tightly laced corset, cigarette, granny boots and calf-length brown dress, Grace Finley plays a 12-year-old 1940s orphan in her striking performance in *Anne Of Green Gables*, the most popular element in Canada's history and a sure-fire crowd-pleaser for two weeks starting next May 26 at Japan's Expo Theatre. As *Anne No Anne*, Lucy Maud Montgomery's book is the one thing about Canada every Japanese schoolchild knows.

Off stage, Grace Finley is less well than woman, a misadventured 17-year-old 21-year-old with enough precocious awareness to about Victorian values from "sweet and strange" Anne — or rather Lucy Maud Montgomery herself. In one amateur production she played a 20-year-old London prostitute. What high Grace is the public's inability to grasp that her schooling role as Anne is a well-thumbed act, not an exercise in off-pavilion.

"They like to think of me as a dear little girl," she agreed during a school assignment at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre last fall. Really, it's very strange. Especially when half the time I know I'm more intelligent than they are and mean about that a lot of people at 35 and 40."

She probably is. Grace's short life is like the first act of an old lady Garland movie. A native of Prince Edward Island brought up in the place of footprints by her divorced, single mother, she was a competent actress at 15. It was when the big break in the form of a walk-on in a play called *On the Waterfront* that she met her agent, Don Harmon, the director-director of *Anne Of Green Gables*, happened to be in the audience.

"I took one look," says Harmon, "and thought, 'There's Anne.' We give her a reading and her acting was fine, but I told her she needed singing lessons. I wouldn't doubt be a chance for her the next summer if she worked on her voice. And you know, she did — she was right at it."

If Hollywood does *The Grace Finley Show*, there will be a scene backstage in Osaka. "Now go out there, Grace," somebody will say, "and show them

The ex-British officer who came in out of the cold with a vision

Konoike is a small, 42-year-old, even-tempered, Japanese woman from Cape Dorset whose knowledge of English is minimal but whose ethnic knowledge is another matter. Konoike was awarded a Governor General's Medal in 1967 for drawings that masterfully express the same insight of the spirit that illuminates her face.

For two months this spring Konoike and her husband, John Konoike — also an artist but, as he says, "a lumber at heart" — lived and worked in an Ottawa apartment at the request of the Canadian government. Their journey: a 96-square-foot motel carved in green-painted plaster to hang in the Canadian pavilion at Expo '70.

In its place of honor adjacent to the rest of the world will provide visitors of which an estimated 96 percent will be Japanese, with a last and lasting impression of Canada. The arrangement is especially fitting in that supposed Japanese techniques of pre-making stone-rolling and stone-rolling established a world market for Dorset pieces during the post-war era. Of the architect's vision, Konoike says, "I think that over the years, Konoike will be an important, I make them out of my mind. I don't tell a story, but I think of the wall as a king, a magic bird, and the sun and a life and happiness."

She lived it in Ottawa, she said, but the people were unresponsive — lacking sensitivity.



The ex-British officer who came in out of the cold with a vision

There was a time when Ulsterite Patrick Reid, a career officer with a wartime Military Cross, was left-out on becoming the most distinguished-looking general in the British Army. Then he came to Canada in 1951 in exchange for the staff college at Kingston — and promptly got the army "honored" being a militia in Canada seemed extremely preferable and more adventurous than being part of a machine.

The Canadian adventure began with helping make TV commercials for ginger ale and trying to sell industry on the use of movies in promotion, and led to the increasingly significant job of putting Canada's best foot forward at a bewildering proliferation of international fairs.



trade shows and festivals. Formerly director of the federal government Exhibition Commission, 44-year-old Reid is Canada's Commissioner-General of Expo '70, responsible for the national pavilion.

Reid even looks the part of Canadian ambassador to the world's fair — sophisticated, gradually growing, with the sort of air of respectable authority Earl Spencer wears when newswriting. It helps to be unflagging when the pavilion planners — all creative people — debate the merits of one color over another for a national pavilion, or when the viewing stands of businessmen working on the pavilion. "If one were diverted by all the schematics, one would miss the main objective, which is to put on the best possible show for Canada," says Reid.

There is one other way to which Reid's military background has helped in planning for Osaka. "In Japan, businessmen have extensive expense accounts and they're eager to use them, so the hospitality committee can't use the money as a driver," he says. "Frankly, constant nights on the town as my age figures a certain amount of caution and my experience in different meetings has been very useful."



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YOU & YOUR MONEY

Mutual funds: the no-sweat investment

SOME STRANGE THINGS have been happening to mutual funds in the past two years as it's worth saying again: "A mutual fund is an essentially conservative investment vehicle for diversified investment primarily in common stocks..." for most Canadian investors.

A leading fund executive said just two years ago: "It is well true for most of the people buying into the funds in spite of the recent unpleasantness—'perforation' or 'go go' funds. These funds are basically speculative."

In an inflationary world where just holding on to cash means taking a loss, such mutual fund shares have become extremely popular. However, probably more than 80 percent of the three billion dollars that 750,000 Canadians have in their securities continue to come under the heading of conservative investment.

Things won't change much in the future. Only a relatively small fund can be a "ranger," making large speculative gains for making large speculative losses. Those funds with hundreds of millions of dollars in assets can't possibly get it all into one fund. There aren't that many stocks capable of quick gains and even if there were, big portfolios can't be shifted that quickly.

A second basic reason for the inherent conservatism of mutual funds shares is an investment in the fact that most have a "locking" charge of around eight per cent to other funds, you pay eight per cent to go in. To this is added anything up to two percent a year to pay for managing the assets under administration. You must usually own the shares for several years to pay the charge and get a return that compensates for the one of your money and the inflationary advantage. However, it is not likely that most Canadians will want to tie up much of their money in speculative funds. They will continue relatively conservative policies for most.

None of this implies that mutual funds are a poor investment. They are ideal for the man without the time or knowledge to manage his money. And there is every chance they will become better investments. New techniques are working out the high returns and those periods. It also appears that there will be continued downward pressure on load fees, administrative and advisory charges.

And, finally, the mutual fund for speculative participation will undoubtedly find the industry toward better-informed investment of shareholders' money. Even the more conservative fund will not the pressure to do a more compound job of getting a return for investors. □

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Fed up with neglect by
the east and "fervorism"
to Quebec, the west is more
and more thinking the
unthinkable . . . separatism

THE COMING SHOWDOWN WITH THE WEST

BY WALTER STEWART

WESTERN CANADA IS FED UP. From Vancouver Island to the Ontario border there hangs an almost palpable cloud of discontent, powerful enough to provoke serious thoughts about secession here for the first time in more than 50 years. The signs of unrest are everywhere — in those studies commissioned to discover if an independent west could survive economically (they all said it could), in the ramblings of businessmen, politicians, labor spokesmen and farmers; in the almost universal rejection of the federal Official Languages Act, which has somehow become identified as an eastern law designed to please that spoiled child of the east, Quebec, in their rare political periods, two of them equally acrimonious, fanned within recent months.

When I was assigned to test that mood of rejection across the west I

expected to find the usual catalogue of historical grievances: the tariff, wheat sales, oil exports and the emptiness of the wooded forests of Bay Street. I found all these, of course, but I found much more — a seething rage directed at central Canada and shared by an overwhelming cross section of the population. I stood in a crowd of 6,000 farmers in Saskatchewan and watched them shake their fists and boo at every mention of Ottawa as the federal government. I read the signs that said, "We Want Bread and Butter, Not B.S." and "We've Been Feeding The Wrong Hogs" and "Ottawa, Go To Hell!" and I thought of earlier meetings where the westerners were similar but the signs read, "Quebec, Get Outta Here, Now!" I sat in a Regina pub, engaged in what I thought was the best give and take of debate since a large, angry young man told me, "You're better leave, now, fuckers!" and I felt I sat in Burnaby and city living rooms in business offices and union halls, and by most of them I heard the same message that went whizzing with the rage toward someone peddled at Prime Minister Trudeau when he turned up for a Liberal fund-raising dinner in Calgary.

The message, like the totema, was aimed at the Canadian government ("the Ottawa government," they call it in the west) and its impact was plain: unless something is done and soon, Canada will have a new crisis of unity on its hands. The western threat is not at all like the threat in Quebec. For one thing, the threat toward independence is not nearly as strong; for another, the lies that feed French Canada to Confederation are economic, while the forces working against it are cultural in the west. The message is true.

Perhaps the only parallel is the fact that in both areas discontent can screen normal political and occupational loyalties. NDP, Conservative, Liberal and Social Credit party activists show a sense of outrage against the east. Saskatchewan farmers are mad at Ontario farmers, the Manitoba Federation of Labor is mad at the Quebec Federation of Labor, and British Columbia businessmen are sure that banks in Toronto and Montreal discriminate against them in favor of eastern businessmen.

In Edmonton, I attended a sophisticated party at which Ian Angus Terry Davidson, John Davidson, Harold Kennedy, and I shared a table. I shared afterward with an elderly man who revealed that "except for certain people," Davidson would

still be exercising his editorial talents in private matters. Which one is he, you say? Not the dirty Grits, but Ontario Tories. "Those big power people, those people on Bay Street . . . all these bastards," my informant said, and Davidson agreed.

Western discontent is as old as blight and drought and mortgage foreclosures. It found expression in the Progressive Movement of the 1920s, in the resurgence of the CCF and Social Credit parties of the 1930s, in the Anarchist movement, aimed at taking the western economy to the U.S., which blossoms in this fertile soil from time to time, then withers and dies in the same regular rhythm. None of this is new, what is new is that the westerners are no longer a minority but a majority (when Manitoba Premier Walter Dymally rambled against Ottawa at the federal-provincial constitutional conference at Fredericton, he became so restless here, and his party was impressive by-election victories in three doubtful constituencies), and that their leaders are not radicals on the fringe of society, but pillars of the Establishment.

It was no crackpot, but Richard Blatten, an influential Winnipeg businessman, and chairman of the Manitoba Export Corporation, who told me, "I believe in the Canadian concept, but I believe it's being lost."

Emotionally, I don't want to get out of Canada, but you have an inflexible argument economically for getting out, and if some strong leader could be found to support the idea, it could be sold, because it is right.

It was no maverick but Dr. Hu Harris, former dean of commerce at the University of Alberta, and now Liberal MP for Edmonton-Sheridan.



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"There is not one damn thing that Quebec opposed and we wanted that we could get"

some who said, "For years and years we'd come and we're at the end, but we had no place to go. Now we're a whole economic unit, and the rules have changed. I had my [Jim Brown] Robinson-based company of economic consultants] prepare a budget on an independent west, and discovered that we'd have a hell of a surplus at today's tax rates. — We want to maintain Confederation, and we don't mind accommodating Quebec, but when we have to pay for it and at the same time were excluded from the play, well, that's more than we can stand!"

[Two other studies one financed by a retired Calgary oilman the other by a group of federal and provincial political figures, came to the same conclusion as Harris' firm about the economic feasibility of an independent west.]

It was no political mystique, but Art Coulter, executive secretary of the Manitoba Federation of Labor and a member of the Manitoba-Winnipeg Council, who studied a square dollar across the dinnerroom table of his suburban home and said: "The more I look about the less I see us that make Canada can do any damn thing for us."

Most westerners look at independence as their own do, not as a liability, but as a fascinating alternative to the unemployment they feel every time they look east.

This degradation comes not because westerners are poor — the western provinces are better looked than any but Ontario — not because their children lack schools or health care, but because they feel alienated from the rest of Canada. I called on Senator John Nisbet, former national president of the Liberal Federation of Canada in his business Vancouver home. Here, I thought, is the man to sit the record straight, a clever and humorous man who has obviously made it and will have nice things to say about Ontario. The Senator hitching up his jeans the way about to take off for his latest campaign, but not having about 45 minutes on the auto-growth ignorance and general stupidity of eastern attitudes. The record up: "I don't think there's anything in this apartment but I can see a generation from now a lot of people are here looking at Confederation and wondering if it makes any sense."

The concept of this independent dream is as murky and complex, but behind them all is a general feeling that whatever Quebec wants, Ontario gets, while whatever the west wants

is refused. The way western Canada sees it when Quebec wanted help with Elcom 67, it was humiliating while a telephone for British Columbia was refused. When a major economic survey to transfer the Air Canada over had been from Winnipeg to Montreal, that was done but when it made economic sense to build up Man and His World, Elcom's successor, that was not done. When Alberta refused to let a crack at P. Montreal market, they were refused, because it is cheaper to import foreign crude than when Montreal wanted a new airport, the money was cheerfully ploughed. When wheat farmers wanted loans to help dry their damp grain, that was left waiting two months, but when Montreal wanted help to build Man And His World, the response was swift and satisfactory.

In the new mood of the west, the Montreal indifference has become a new symbol of naughtiness. Louis Brand, former Tory MP for Saskatchewan, complained: "Every time the Mayor [Quebec] says the federal government is there to dry, he says, whenever we ask for something, they ignore us completely." [Brand, incidentally, believes he was frozen out in his bid for the presidency of the Conservative Party earlier this year by a bloc of eastern power brokers?]

This new of recent history seems complete and unfair, but to the average westerner the parallel I have cited are small things, life pointing to an inevitable conclusion. Ontario has no time for western Canada because it is totally preoccupied with the problems of Quebec.

There is no incident too large or too small to be squeezed into the pattern of thought. Even the Official Languages Act to the detriment of a National Hockey League franchise for Vancouver when Toronto and Montreal seemed happier. Even the church is getting into the act. When a new Roman Catholic bishop was appointed for the diocese of St. Paul in north-central Alberta, he was chosen from Quebec instead of from the west, and 22 priests staged a protest, complete with public meetings and petitions. The Reverend C. W. Fowler of Banffhead, about 35 miles northwest of Edmonton, told me: "It's not a French-English thing, it's just that we object to people in Ontario Quebec, thinking we can't do anything for ourselves because we're a bunch of bumpkins."

We're at a pretty low ebb if we have to turn to Quebec for a bishop. Westerners feel that Quebec can not only get what it wants in can-

nect what they want. A leading member of the BC bar said: "For 25 years, meetings of the Canadian Bar Association poured resolutions after resolutions on constitutional reform or diversity in the Criminal Code and for 25 years the Quebecers blocked in. There is not one damn thing that Quebec opposed and we wanted that we could get."

Into this picture of province versus province works regional complaints of its own.

British Columbians are upset over the last Vancouver Island franchise over federal mismanagement of the long-delayed founding of the Kootenai-British Columbia over the wrapping of the Queen Elizabeth ship which some BC senators are now now brought about by political colleagues in Toronto.

In Alberta, the oil industry is operating at well under its rated capacity, while markets east of Ottawa are closed in Canadian crude because the pipeline ships in southern Alberta. The U.S. has imposed both a tariff and a quota on oil imports, and recent Alaskan discoveries suggest that sales pressure across the border will soon be dimmer than ever, so that success in the Montreal market may become critical.

"And yet," said Liberal MP Mr. Harris, "what we're being told is that we can't sell to Montreal because it would cost a good many a gallon to get Alberta crude than Vancouver. What we're being told is that we're expected to pay for Confederation while you won't give a cent a gallon to help us."

Prime Minister Trudeau shared a public discussion on the oil issue at a Calgary meeting. This told engaging reports: "I like to disappoint people sometimes." No campaign by his political foes could answer: Albertans of Trudeau's kind feel so collectively as that one gets a statement.

In Saskatchewan, wheat farmers lose a disastrous year, brought on by a slump in exports and the undermining of the International Grains Agreement, and the province's structure. The Saskatchewan Forestry Development Board estimates that farm income in the province will drop \$100 million this year — more than \$1,000 for every farm family. At the same time, several crops of wheat have reached a record 1,024,400,000 bushels. Again, the Prime Minister found the period, in farming results when he won't farm-ers at a Winnipeg meeting: "Why should I sell you wheat?"

David Strasser, President Treasurer

continued on page 39

"You can't run a business without getting behind the counter once in a while."



By Annonymous photographer

Avis isn't exactly a penny ante operation these days. In fact, it looks as though we're going to be No. 1 in rent a cars before we're very much older.

And even though we're not complaining, we are a bit leery of the whole idea. It's not so

much worry about getting too big as it is about getting too big for our britches.

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AVIS RENTALS IN CANADA IS A U.S. COMPANY INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA WITH THE 1980-1981 FLEET OF 100,000

"We haven't minded paying the price of Confederation—but what do we get for it?"

of Saskatchewan, and a Liberal, commented: "We're convinced that we get a government in Ottawa that is totally preoccupied with Quebec and Ontario, and if it has any time left over it spends it on the Maritimes."

In Manitoba, transfer of the Air Canada overhead bus from Winnipeg to Montreal, with the loss of hundreds of jobs and millions of dollars in investment caused the Manitoba Federation of Labor to take full-page ads in local newspapers to ask, "Is The Just Society Just For Quebec?", and to complain: "Treating the prophet of the Just Society, is responsible for our loss. Six years of leech leeching in three days by Quebec province." Art Cocher, executive secretary of the MFL, said, "There is no doubt in my mind that the decision was a political decision made for the benefit of Quebec and against the interests of Manitoba."

Beyond all these regional sore spots are two general grievances shared by every western province: the old rule of Canada's tariff system and the new rule of the Official Languages Act.

Since the days of Macdonald's National Policy, Canada has maintained a tariff to protect our "infant industries" against too-direct competition with other nations. In practice, this policy means that Canadians pay more than Americans for most manufactured articles, and Canadian secondary industry, most of it centered in Ontario and Quebec, is assured of a market. There is not much protection for producers of raw material. The wheat farmer, for instance, sells into an open and highly competitive market. The price of No. 1 Northern wheat in 1961 was \$1.91 a bushel, since that time almost everything that goes into the production of wheat has risen in price, while No. 1 Northern has slumped to \$1.57.5 when it can be sold at all.

Chris Fribben who has been growing grain at Kramert near Regina, for more than 30 years, reckons that his cash return for every acre of his 700-acre farm should be \$17 to break even, this year it will be \$5.22 an acre.

Fribben, a stocky, sturdy, grey-haired man of 62, has been farming since he was 25, and has known seven winters and more than seven. He looked back in a battered chair, food on his table and said, "I'll bet you think I spend all my winters in Florida, lapping up the sun. That's the way all those farmers live, of course. Well, my wife and I got into

road in 1935, and since then we've visited Minnesota, North and South Dakota and British Columbia, one short trip. We never did get to Florida."

Despite popular myth, few wheat farmers can afford southern vacations. One Regina-area grain grower opened his accounts to me. They showed that on a capital investment of \$145,000, plus his investment of a year's hard labor, his net return last year was a little more than \$5,000. Farm costs have been rising consistently, by 1963, according to the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, some 45 per cent higher than in 1949, yet farm income was up only 9.7 percent in the same period. On the basis of 1949 dollars income was down by 35.1 percent.

"We're all being left behind," said Bill McGilver, another Regina-area farmer. "If things don't improve there's nothing we can do but get out or go broke."

Winnipeg businessman Richard Reuter had a group of economists work out the price differential imposed by the tariff, and came up with a figure of \$887 per acre for every Canadian family. "That's the price of Confederation, and we're never mind of paying it, but now we're beginning to wonder what we're getting for it. All we can see is an Official Languages Act we don't need and don't want."

A great many westerners who were drawn to Trudeau by his assurances of a better future, and who were not prepared to see that slogan translated into a two-linguistic bill. The reaction is especially emphatic among ethnic groups. There are more German Canadians than French Canadians in every western province, more Ukrainians than French in every prairie province, more Chinese than French in British Columbia, yet only French is to be given official status, and the other minorities can't understand why.

Bill Strydom, a Ukrainian-Canadian lawyer in Winnipeg, explained, "We were once very sympathetic to Quebec, but the bilingual issue is so wrong people won't stand for it any more."

You are going to go into a community where maybe 10 percent of the people speak Ukrainian and because 10 percent of them speak French, French is to be made above Ukrainian. There does make sense. We want to preserve our culture, too, but you're willing to destroy it to save another one. You're willing to make a doublet of us to save the French, all in the name of unity. What kind of unity is that?"

English is the language that is the backbone of most civil servants and most business men, the mainstay of bilingual Canadians. The government version is that anyone who is willing to learn French will qualify, but the west, collectively and flatly, rejects this insurance. The belief here is that to absorb the Quebec culture will be recruited from east of Toronto, and that administrative decisions, more than ever, will favor Ontario and Quebec.

It was the Official Languages Act more than anything else that led to the founding of the British Columbia Separatist Association in Vancouver by salaried owner Bob Reids, the Western Canada Separatist Movement.

Editors by the name of Ray Whalen and the Western Canada Party in Calgary by Mrs. Flo Bowles, president of a printing firm and a former Conservative Party official.

The BC movement was founded to promote publicity for separatist ideas, for rightists; it has done that, but not much more. When Reids heard that the 2,000-seat Queen Elizabeth Theatre to debate separation with a Vancouver businessman, he drew fewer than 100 two-dollar paid admissions and, as the Vancouver Star gleefully noted, was separated from several hundred dollars for hiring the hall.

The Western Canada Separatist Movement draws to have a substantial membership, but that has not so much I couldn't find any of them in two days of hard looking in Edmonton.

The Dominion of Canada Party is not significant, Mrs. Crowley indicated that she had been in the party since Confederation and go on fighting. A sprightly and aggressive 58-year-old grandmother, she would not tell me her party's membership strength, but she would tell me of the hundreds of swigging letters and receipts for donations as well as a map indicating 24 DCC chapters across the west.

None of these parties can be taken seriously now—but neither could the Racialist Party of 1961 people. Nationalism when it was founded.

Although anti-French bigotry is certainly one of the byproducts of pressure on the language issue Mrs. Fowler denied that she was a bigot. "I'm as proud as I can be of my heritage, but I'm not setting up a foreign language textbook. 'See I'm studying Spanish.'"

Saskatchewan Treasurer Dave Stewart said me, "I have to be careful when I get talking about Quebec, finally I get on to us, anything that

If you think
Pot is paunch
Grass is green
and Hash is an entrée

Meet Bill Clement

HE BRIDGES THE GENERATION GAP

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL



A MAMMIE DEAN of misunderstood superstars today's parents from their teenage sons and daughters. It's symbolized by the "this knock-out" signs hanging in our high schools. Only the older teachers can remember when the prohibition applied strictly to tobacco. At many other school districts held last year you can get a marijuana hash simply by breathing the air in the washrooms. The kids read the signs as an order to keep their grass at home.

The man who let Normandy's Jumbo beach 25 years ago last month and the women who waited for him are people who still associate grass with love, look with casual back, and got with middle-aged punches. They are steadily bewildered by the new jargon, angry about the lifestyle it conceals. What were they fighting and dying for back then on front? So that their children could grow up to be shaggy drug-addicted, irresponsible and dedicated to the destruction of all we have and are? In short, what an hell is happening to the younger half of our society?

One of the very few adults in Canada who can answer that question with some authority is William Basil Clement, better known from the drug underground up to Parkinson Hill as Bill Clement. He is a behavioral scientist who thinks teenage drug-taking is merely spectacular evidence of a much more subtle and fundamental rift between the age groups.

"For instance, here's this kid in Toronto who is putting out LSD in five-microsecond capsules," says Clement. "Now there is no real practical point in that. The kid is trying to tell us where his head is at. His saying his generation has the knowledge and skills to overthrow the enemy Establishment says that it looks like it has underground drug factories — there are three currently flourishing in Toronto — is it turning out a product as sophisticated as those being marketed by illegal drug companies. He's saying a political warning."

It's a warning we should heed because Bill Clement does know where teenage heads are at. He is a pioneer in the field of psychopharmacology, the study of how chemicals modify psychological behavior. For the past five years he has been living with and treating drug users at the serene care of Toronto's hippie subsistence. This is a world where about 6,000 doses of hallucinogenic drugs heads each week and where bad trips drug-induced anxiety or psychosis are as common as headaches. Clement's deep involvement in the subculture has enabled him to open up a channel of communication between the subculture and the outside world where he lives there was only respect and healing. Now he acts as an interpreter between people from a vast both sides have come to respect.

On the one hand Clement has the con-

fidence of the young counterculture who know the community's LSD, MDA, STP and all its subtleties and of their pocket-dialer drugs (now called a bag identified at the rate of two a month). They tell him their trade secrets, tip him off when a dangerous batch goes on the market, and give him a chance to anticipate what they cannot tell him. He also is trusted by the teenagers who use the drugs, which is remarkable when you consider that he is just under 40. They regard him as one of the beautiful people they cannot wait to be like.

On the other side of the fence, Clement enjoys an excellent professional reputation that is bolstered by articles in several learned publications. Governmented agencies, including realizing there will likely be an epidemic of drug-taking this summer recognize him as an expert who can teach them how to cope with the problem.

Clement has already achieved a great deal. Thanks largely to his efforts, the province's Queen Street Mental Health Clinic became the first psychiatric hospital in Toronto to come to grips with the problem of treating teenage drug abuse. The clinic, where Clement works as a part-time consultant, handles an average 400 and 500 bad trips a year. Clement has helped develop a treatment program based on tranquilizers and intensive therapy that is effective in 95 percent of cases. The Federal Food and Drug Administration cites the program as the model to be followed in all Canadian hospitals. When a two-year-old Winnipeg baby swallowed a large dose of LSD last spring, doctors in the adjoining hospital immediately put a long-distance phone call to Queen Street Clement and his colleagues were able to reinstitute a course of action. The baby suffered no lasting ill effects.

"What has really happened with a bad trip is that the druggist has lost control," Clement says. He may have chosen to perceive a swelling wall or a ceiling coming down. He says, "He yawn, look at that, he's crying, crying, crying down." Then he begins to worry that maybe the swelling really is coming down and that in two seconds he'll be dead. He can't tell for sure because his three perspectives are all pretty scary. At Queen Street we help him realize control before his acute anxiety develops into true psychosis. Only three percent of our cases suffer psychotic sequelae, which require serious psychiatric problems. At clinics in New York and Los Angeles they have a sequelae incidence of 25 percent."

Three days much of the clinic's emergency drug work has been done and Clement has left in the hands of a small band of inmates and volunteers outside workers he trained himself. But nine or 10 times a year there's a serious case he has to deal with himself. "Like the other night a kid who passed out while

the marks walked in on him. He overdosed himself with everything he had — MDA plus LSD. I got called out because it was a real mess. The kid we don't like to talk about. We were up all night."

A real mess? One like violent James Somerton it's a black American deserting his country in the name of the peace movement. He shot his way out of the High on speed. He suddenly decided he was a Nat Turner and decided to make every other male in sight. Or it could be a publisher's son who dropped acid at a Saturday disco and went on a tearful rant, or even a teacher who was in his way. Watching Clement on such calls — placing the case, soothing the patient, exploring treatment to the nurse — you realize you are seeing an extremely composed person in action.

The complications began with his background. In view of his well-to-do Toronto WASP upbringing, Clement should now be sitting comfortably in a law firm or in his office instead of prowling through Yorkville in a baggy jeans-jacket with a medieval leather change purse swinging at his hip. In fact, after dropping out of school at grade 12 ("I kept failing French and minor mechanics"), he took a job with a company of young men and then served a three-year term as a sergeant in the army's Intelligence Corps. Next he went into the family mid-market firm and made a lot of money by 1960, at the age of 32 he decided to go back to school.

In making his decision Clement was influenced by a group of University of Toronto friends he had been meeting with, including the three brothers, Marshall, McLeish. They wanted him to take the first year back in the classroom was bound to be uncomfortable. Their advice was to choose a college somewhere far away if he was ever going to stick it out. Clement wanted to take his honours BA in psychology at Parsons College in Iowa and writing his MA thesis at Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia.

The university training turned Clement into a thorough-going behavioral therapist. Working with alcoholics in the Huntington psychiatric hospital, Clement discovered that the main reason for permanent recovery when it involves sex, drugs or alcohol — is that the people who indulge in it are aware of secrets.

In 1966 Clement arrived back in Toronto ready to apply the same theories to the teenage drug scene he found thriving in Yorkville. One reason a grade-nine student drops out and turns on, he suggests, may be because the student is invited that he will have to go on to achieve his goal and he can't handle it. Clement art believes that teenage heads can be put back on the rails by showing them how to adapt to the responsibilities of their own future.

Not everybody concerned about the

CLEMENT

drug-subject was or is prepared to accept. Clement's theories at face value. For one thing his manner of expression puts people off when they first meet him. There is in his speech a disturbingly benign about Clement. He tends to come on like a pop Peter Pan, the happy who never grow up. One both like saying, "Behaviors, are there?" The theories he develops in various academic and de-pooling groups are heavy doses of underdogism, often highlighted by well-calculated obscenities. The students are disoriented. They begin to suspect that Clement himself may be an habitual drinker who, to ease his tongue, "is buying some sort of trip on them."

Such performances are, of course, as art. Clement is a behavioral scientist who has been observed to drink from at his own expense. His teacher either not takes drugs. His only indulgence is tobacco—he runs through three to four packs of cigarettes a day. Through his pseudo-hippy mannerisms, Clement is a mature and experienced man. He knows exactly what he is doing. And the things he says, despite the jargon, contain a great deal of disquieting wisdom.

"It's personality is sort of peculiar," admits Dr. Gus Trifunovic, a child psychiatrist at the Queen Street clinic. "He has a grandiose style that is really interesting. But once the teenage drug problems started arriving here, he became obvious. He really did know more about how to treat these kids than anybody else. He forced the mental-health profession to recognize the problem for what it is."

Barry Lazar, 34, who is Clement's middle man at Backslide College, explains his manner this way: "Okay, so maybe [he] does make a lot of people uneasy at first, but he's still the biggest guy I ever met. He must have an IQ of around 200. He can walk into a room full of strange kids and tell them, hang in there, exactly what their hangups are."

Although the Queen Street clinic has been an adduced success and although it has prompted other Toronto hospitals to take notice, such treatment procedures are still only dealing with the effects of the drug scene. What is interesting Clement men and where are the causes. Why are teenagers behaving this way?

"We've established that there are three broad types of young druggers," says Clement. "The first is the slow child (teen), the kid who will sell his pants for a dropping acid and will waste marijuana in front of his teacher. He wants people to notice him. He's sick and he is using drugs to draw attention to his problems. Once you know what the real problem is and respond to it, the drug scene is a factor."

The second type is the promiscuous

druggster. This kid is sick as hell. He'll shoot anything anywhere. We've even had this patient who has been taking LSD in the form of anal suppositories. Like the confused alcoholics, he wants to keep the world at bay.

Finally, there's the second-drug-user, the person who uses drugs the way our parents used tobacco and alcohol. And here's where we run into trouble because I don't think that anyone over 30 is really in a position to comment on such social behavior."

Central to Clement's thesis about why teenagers act the way they do, the fact he keeps stressing when talking to adult audiences is that 80 percent of the teenagers who have ever lived are alive and working today. "The implications of this technological change are overwhelming. Traditional institutions are blowing up in our face. The historical authorities that once mislabeled behavioral patterns—parents, the church and the national educational system—are being voided. Today's teenagers are being influenced by forces beyond our control."

Clement illustrates this point by displaying a series of psychiatric advertisements clipped from newspapers and magazines. In a recent session, the material was shown first to a group of adults and then to a group of teenagers. Both groups were asked to comment. All the adults said the ads were merely interesting examples of contemporary drugs. But the teenagers perceived them quite differently. The fact that such established organizations as Esso's, Searo's and the CPR were using so art forms derived from the drug subculture was evidence to them of society's acquiescence to at even approval of general drug use. "One 13-year-old is already being conditioned to the idea of taking drugs," says Clement. "The parents have nothing to say in the matter."

"I have to keep reminding myself," says Clement, "that my two-year-old son Jonathan has never seen an artist's depiction of what the earth looks like from the moon. But he has seen the real thing. Ten years from now when he is a teenager, who knows what sort of behavioral patterns will have been imposed upon him? All I can say is that it probably won't come from his wife or his."

Clement and his wife Faye, a Toronto girl he married in 1960 and who also took psychology at Parsons College in Iowa, rent the top half of a house near the heart of Yorkville. The two-bedroom apartment and the client only rarely psychodrama. What makes the atmosphere unconventional are the guests. Hippies, drug freaks and cops are casually dropping in. The conversation of acid, heads is often heard on his living room.

Meanwhile, Clement's efforts to revitalize the root causes of drug-taking haven't met with the usual success of his programs for treating the effects. Multicultural children's centers reflect an in-

crease that the general availability of drugs is reaching epidemic proportions. They either deny the reality of the situation, or say it's simply a police matter.

When Clement recently applied for a \$2,500 grant to make a three-week tour of underground laboratories in the United States, he was turned down by every major agency in New York. Clement is now so disillusioned that he plans to get out of the drug-treatment business altogether. His next project is a feasibility study involving super-addictive kids. "I want to find out why some teenagers can make it through the system in a specially designed way and whether it is possible to teach the druggers how to handle themselves."

Clement drinks his rumour for waiting to make the law should have been obvious. "There it, our official information on drugs is about two years out of date and our research facilities are falling further behind all the time. There's no way we can keep up with what's going on unless we talk to them and facilitate their motives."

The non-release LSD is one example of the shifts they can command. Another development, which happened right here, was the discovery that you can make it impossible for authorities to analyze a drug by adding a tiny and harmless portion of Comet cleaner to the batch. What are the cops going to do about that? That there's this guy in Boston who took over machinery from a contraceptive pill firm and is marketing LSD in compact.

None of the authorities here seem to realize that the current drug scene is only a lesser preceding the main event. Even if we could crack down on all the hallucinogens now in circulation—which we can't—there are at least 553 more separate formulas waiting in the wings. They are all registered at the U.S. Patent Office in Washington. The kids simply mail a computer-program request to the Patent Office and they get mail-ordering instructions by return post. Best anybody aware that today's teenagers know how to program computers?"

When asked a touch of acid to Clement's disillusionment was an episode that occurred shortly after he received the full breakdown on his request for \$2,500. He was sitting in Yorkville ordering his prescriptions to a dope dealer, the son of a former federal-government official. The kid looked sympathetically, then pulled a \$2,500 wind out of his pocket and said he had a good week and gave it to Clement, saying, "Look, I'll know these government people are not so dishonest and corrupt. Why bother with them? You do groovy things. I'll tip the head on you and you can go first class. Those bastards always make you travel lame."

Clement turned the offer down. "No," he says. "I came away with the uncomfortable feeling that maybe I have been working for the wrong side." □

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Smooth enough to be the world's largest selling scotch

CANADA'S TOP 10 EATING PLACES



Using yourself a great meal is a constant prob-
lem when you travel Canada. This country
has no gourmet guides; not even a com-
pendium of reliable penny splendors. So
Marion's decided to pretend its own name
was — the best eating place. In every prov-
ince, each one a restaurant that will surprise
and delight you. We've searched for places
that are not well publicized sometimes off
the beaten track. (We skipped Montreal;
you'll have no trouble finding great restau-
rants there.)

The test of any good restaurant is not the
light treatments, but the measure of a loving
chef — a man of taste and concern for every
detail or a chef, a man who demands the fin-
est quality for his clientele. If we found that
little creature in pleasant surroundings, so
much the better. We passed by the fabled
everything restaurants, the kind of place
where the air pollution is thicker than the po-
tato panache. Fine homes are strictly for
the wealthy tourist who wants something to
show for his money, food be damned. And we
apologetically avoided any establishment that
indulged in menu-cats in the "tortured
young spring chicken" pushed in a delicate
saucy of country-fresh butter, herbs and exot-
ic spices, variety.

The criteria in our search were passion
and joy, passion for good food — not neces-
sarily complicated or tricky — and joyous
patronage sensations. This is our guide to
10 happy meals — and the places where
you'll find them. Eating, after all, should be
another form of sensual communication like
making love.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: The Swiss Restaurant,
Victoria. Outsiders always think of BC in
terms of Vancouver, but when it comes to
restaurants it's best not to be so narrow. In
Victoria, underneath the surface of stratus
snow, clouds and verdant blossoms, there is
dining sophistication. The Swiss Restaurant is



located in an English-style mansion, circa
1810, set in an attractive garden, and looks
out on the entrance to Victoria's Inner
Harbour. The ships, the lights, the water are
enough to tell you it's a good mood even
if you hate food. There are two rooms, divided
by an open hearth, where the chef-owner
presents over your dinner. Two of the house
specialties are particularly good: salmon à la
maitre, three dollars, and the breaded sweet
breads, delicately herbed, \$3.50. Unfortu-
nately, salads tend to be soggy and the coffee
is a travesty. The wine list is respectable in
price but not particularly distinguished. The
owner has a superlative sense of individual
treatment, however, and this makes up for
tiny inconsistencies you may occasionally find
on the menu.

Atmosphere: very good

Service: excellent

Reservations: 253-6002 (if necessary — the
hours are 11:30-10:30)

ALBERTA: The Tower Bar, Edmonton. This
city has so much new money that it's difficult
to find a good restaurant that isn't hideously
expensive and cluttered with the splashing of
wine, dinner being lambasted in a few thou-
sand. The Tower Suite is slightly out of the
way and doesn't have live entertainment or
dancing. The surroundings are minimalist, the
mood romantic. Many of the tables have
black-leather horn seats, if you like doing
close to the herd-looking position. The chef's
prix, \$11.15, and Grosse Soled for two, \$2.00,
are delicious. Filer à la Strasbourg, \$4.95,
and steak and lobster, \$6.50, is an excuse
for an Alberta beef is complemented by a
whole lobster tail and maitre on a bed of rice
and two superb house specialties. One there
ing feature after dessert, a complimentary
fruit-and-cheese plate.

Atmosphere: good

Service: efficient and friendly

Reservations: 424-3360



IF YOU'VE GOT
A TASTE FOR
KAISERSCHNITZEL,
FROG'S LEGS IN
GARLIC SAUCE,
GIGBY CHICKEN OR
A DRAM OF
MUFFLED SCREECH,
YOU'RE IN LUCK—
HERE'S WHERE
YOU'LL FIND
THEM ALL.

ASKATCHOWAN L'Hotel Regina is one of those delightful small restaurants you won't find just about, unless you have a friend in the city who likes to eat. It's a tiny place, seating only 23 diners at a time and, though the specialty is steak, it's incomparably superior to the usual run of western over-glazed steak houses. The furnishings are charming, early French-Canadian. The walls are hung with paintings by local artists plus funky old tapestries giving the impression of artistic chaos. There's no entertainment, no live music (the live music starts right there), just food, and it's the only place in Regina that offers such simplicity. The soup is fantastic, a thick rich pea soup. The steaks come from Quebec but the chef can't remember the precise origin and he's been cooking it the same way since he opened 12 years ago. This is one place where you order a steak (four to five dollars) wine and it will actually come. Ordered Salads are pretty awful but there are just no local vegetables worthy of note. Kyo for dessert. (Open 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.)
Ambience: pleasant, unobtrusive
Service: excellent
Reservations: 829-8033

MANITOBA The White House, Winnipeg. Now this is the place to go when you're looking sensual and want to get into food up to your elbows. It serves the best specialties in the country. The price is a flat three dollars and you get French fries plus the most incredible side dish. The side is loaded with herbs and marinated to a palatable, burning perfection. Wine is available but, with ribs of this calibre, getting a sip of the grape is out. Walking out of here is more in keeping with the food. The restaurant is clean and casual. You'll find yourself equally at home in this joint or black tie. Finger bowls are supplied along with huge paper towels, presumably to keep up the super-casual atmosphere. It's perfect for that. Take away with pride.
Ambience: Early Alberta
Service: polite

ONTARIO Welton Hotel Anichew. This astonishing little hotel is right in the middle of the richest farm lands in the country, so the quality of the meat and vegetables is magnificent. The dining room is an oasis of calm in an area of fresh flowers and bright airy spaces. What is an unimpressive hotel in spite of its vastness. The dining room is open for just 20 hours but serves (10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.) a reservation just doesn't count if a crowd shows up. The serving staff has nervous breakdowns. If you don't give up the leg of lamb stuffed with kidneys in Amnagrac \$4.95, eat make up for a first visit. There is a standard menu of local specialties (it's the risk of a large Mennonite community).

ONTARIO La Salsola, Scarborough. Is about 12 miles from the centre of Montreal on the South Shore Road. Montreal is full of magnificent restaurants but this one will take you away from the traffic and the crowds and a completely soothing atmosphere. You are treated like a guest in an 18th century (self-raised) manor. Don't let the fact that it was built in 1965 put you off. It's all done with taste and style. The view over the St. Lawrence river to the Montreal skyline is breathtaking and a nice touch at infinity is mentioned throughout an unheated dinner (plus four three to four hours). On request the waiter will provide menus without prices so your guest may order with no thought in mind but food. Specialties of the house include Frog Legs in Garlic Sauce, five dollars. Roastable We're d'Hamel, six dollars. Crab-filled Onions with Bechamel and Cheese Sauce, \$5.95. For an exotic desert try La Salsola, a delicious standard combination of egg yolks, Perry Mar, St. Mary, Grand Marnier, vanillin and lemons. \$3.50 for two. In spite of the cost (from \$10 to \$15 per person), La Salsola is ideal for a romantic and luxurious evening. Ambience: elegant, cozy
Service: slow but apt in this atmosphere
Reservations: 855-0434

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Daisy Inn on the white shore of the island is about 17 miles from Charlottetown. They is a splendid Victorian manor built in 1890 as the summer house of a wealthy American. The high ceilings, dark polished wood and massive fur rugs lend an air of elegance to any meal. The house of the Daisy has four main floors as two 18th-century mansions have downed. This includes excellent soup, heavy cream, homemade bread and ample but charming desserts.
Ambience: quiet and airy
Service: courteous and swift
Open: June 10 to September 15
Reservations: (800) 461-1818

continued on page 50

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RAY AND MARIANN MASSI did. They lost \$300 in cash on their U.S. cruise trip. For \$3, they could have taken the \$300 in American Express Travelers Cheques. Get their money back—and go on night as enjoying their trip.

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Why take such a cruise risk, when for a couple of bucks you can own American Express Travelers Cheques?

These Cheques are famous as *The Better Money*, because that's what they do. If they get lost or stolen you go to the local American Express office or representative. (They're all over the world.) Get your missing Cheques replaced. And you're on your way.

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Cost? Just 1% for every dollar's worth of Cheques you buy. And you have a choice of \$25, \$50, \$100 and \$500 denominations. So if you buy \$250 worth, it costs you \$2.50. If you buy \$500 worth, it costs you \$5. You get the idea.

So before you take a trip to the U.S.—or anywhere—put it with a couple of bucks. Get some American Express Travelers Cheques where you bank.

It makes a lot more sense than putting your cash back in a bank.



American Express Travelers Cheques
The Better Money

PRODUCED BY
MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPH BY
BERT BELL



**Keep an eye open
for Heineken.
It tastes tremendous!**

NEW BRUNSWICK A really colourful island treat is the tradition of lobster dinners, usually sponsored by service groups and held in grandly decorated but otherwise dark church basements. They can be found everywhere throughout the summer. If you like lobster au naturel and feel you never got enough, this is a must. A gasp-type meal for a family of four could cost less than \$12. No booze.

NOVA SCOTIA The Sea Shell Dining Room and Gull Centre in Annapolis Royal is the outstanding seafood restaurant east of Quebec City. The two sisters who run the dining room had their own vegetable garden until this year. But it proved too much cooking, serving and parking. Now a neighbor delivers the vegetables just before they're required for your meal. The sea food chowder, made with lobster, crabs, scallops, fresh oysters and herbs accompanied by homemade bread is practically a meal in itself. Here (dishes include Digby Diddie (oat henri), dubie (dried seaweed). The most extensive fish on a limited menu is a full lobster dinner for \$6 dollars. It's kyle for sunset glass, coffee and brandy in the rose garden and very subdued conversation.

ANNOUCE lobster sea dinner
Service: casual
Open: last week in June through Labor Day from 5:30-9:30 p.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK This province has some of the finest food and the best cooks in the country, but they don't open restaurants. Looking out to sea, a few New Brunswick things. Oyst Sea Food Restaurant in Moncton, however, is one of the few exceptions. It's located on the banks of the Petitcodiac River and the food here can be viewed through its spacious windows. The specialty of the house is a lobster-and-seafood combination platter, \$5.95, and seafood can serve \$2.00. Both are fair rate. **ANNOUCE** nothing special. Service: good.

NEWFOUNDLAND Woodstock Colonial Inn, is seven miles from St. John's. The restaurant is in a converted farmhouse with a New England's sort of charm, low ceilings, low windows, some tacky fish nets and Atlantic-style bed the atmosphere is conducive to conversation. The menu skews into purple descriptions of the food, however, the cod soup, \$2.95, or Perfection Flopper Pie, \$3.75, are delicious delicacies and very good. The wine list is with spread. You might try a Muffed Scotch, some time Newfoundland Scotch combined with Guinness and smooth cream.

ANNOUCE restaurant
Service: efficient, friendly
Reservations: 722-6953 □

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YOUR PERSONALITY AND WHAT THEY TELL ABOUT YOU

Select a hero (in horizontal) from each of the groups of three (vertical) figures at left. Then read below what your choices reveal about you, in analysis prepared for Mackey's by a panel of Canadian psychologists. Your choices, and why you made them, are expressions of your inner drives and needs. The experts explain—you see up just the larger-than-life figures you admire.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: You are searching for an authoritative figure, either because you are used to depending on one, or because you feel such a figure has been missing from your life. Lack of self-confidence predisposes you to let someone else make decisions. The presence of authority brings emotional stability in your relationships with other people or within yourself. You find Kennedy's romantic side attractive and are drawn to his masculinity, athletic, charming, tragic, rich, powerful.

MARTIN LUTHER KING: You are direct, uninterested in subtleties. Complexity annoys you; you like to see issues as simple and straightforward. Your friends are uncomplicated and tend to have few dimensions. You fear disappointment and take comfort in knowing a dead hero can't let you down. You fantasize considerably, allowing your heroes in your needs change. If you are socially conscious, your tolerance probably holds an affectionate glow about the Negro, which is valued by acknowledging King's greatness.

PIERRE TRUDEAU: You're a romantic. Authoritarianism has little appeal to you. You prefer spontaneity to boredom and will take a chance as you impudently. You are willing to accept Trudeau on what you believe to be his own terms. His complexity allows you to see in him the things you wish to see. If you are a

woman, you find someone having personal freedom, he promises the excitement of a candidate affair with the assurance of knowing you will never have come across to fate.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: You are an idealist, that more in imagination than in action. You prefer to avoid lectures, as possible action rather than do it. You're a dreamer. When the time comes to act, you have a strong sense of drama. Your friends may think you a bit theatrical and overreactive. Whatever your role in life, you play it to perfection—a kind in your features. You are not afraid to speak out and are prepared to make commitments if necessary. You have a paradoxical side though you harbor a persistent wish to withdraw from people; you seek social approval of the things you do.

CARDINAL LEGER: Above all, you value your individuality. You find commitment to something fully necessary to make life meaningful, but don't mind others to agree what you do. Your friends tend to be rich of the earth people. You are idealistic, concerned about how much you can accomplish. Life holds few fantasies for you.

BILLY GRAHAM: You tend toward a somewhat optimistic approach to life, looking for reward and

Listen to the sounds of summer



Cooking over
Bare feet running as well as
Singing around a bonfire,
Laughter at a lawn party,
Cramble chirping
The rhythmic splash of
swimming...

What a wonderful time, summer. And you're a part of it all. You won't miss a moment because you use Tampax tampons, the internal sanitary protection. Convenient, comfortable Tampax tampons. They're put an end to bulge, pins, pads and odor. They're made a beginning of fabulous freedom for you. You're in time with the sounds of summer.

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known. This simplicity eases your frustration with the complexities of everyday political and economic reality. You're tired of keeping abreast of instantly shifting events. Regardless of the religious context, you find power fascinating. You tend toward a hard-working, self-sufficient and fiercely independent approach to life. However, you are in danger of corrupting these values — the next step could be an indifferent self-satisfied narrowness with little respect for the concerns of others.

Elizabeth Taylor: If you are a woman, you hold a deep desire to go against convention. You feel strongly about most women's rights and are viewed as the avant-garde woman. Mrs. Taylor's star quality appeals to your unique tendencies. If you dislike her intensity, it may be a negative identification you set your own desires in her, but find them unacceptable. If you are a man, you are acutely aware of sex, raw and simple. You like challenging women. If this is carried to extremes, it points to possible doubts about your virility.

Jackie Kennedy Onassis: Jackie was the first American princess. When she married Aristotle Onassis she shattered the Great American Dream. Now she's out. So if you still choose her over the others, you have strong individualistic tendencies — you are not afraid to find convention. You dislike competition and find her device quaint and easy to accept. You like having your way. You admire a sense of style and status and have strong class superiority. The tragedy in her life is a reaction to your desire for relationships that are out of the ordinary.

Madame Yvonne: You have complex, ambivalent tendencies. You admire wealth, social graces, friendships, yet you seek to avoid deep relationships. You are possibly afraid of how much you have to give. You tend to be conventional. You may need reassurance that it's good to be good. Your life may seem drab but you feel it deserves more recognition than it is getting. If you are a woman and you prefer the company of other women who do not stir a sense of sexual competition in you, you may be avoiding a personal confrontation with sex or your own desirability.

Gloria Hower: You are public, confident, able to postpone immediate gratification to achieve long-term goals. You admire the family man — solid, independent, dependable. Of the athletes here, Hower is closest to being Superman. You desire to do everything well, often against great personal challenge and difficulty. Achieving your goals does not come easily, you

have to work at it. You are proud, perhaps a little too stubborn when faced with unpleasant facts. On the whole, though, you are well-adjusted. **Bobby Hull:** Appeals face a great deal to you. You get excited easily. You probably would rather put away in stocks than in the bank. You are somewhat impatient about achieving your goals and look for immediate gratification. You probably are given to emotional outbursts; you like to have things your way. You adhere to the talent for talent's sake.

Frank Mahovlich: Pleasant as such don't appeal too much to you. You like the underdog. You have highly developed aesthetic tastes and cherish beauty for its own sake. You find creation a difficult area. You try hard to accept facts you don't really like about yourself — a lack of self-confidence or a persistent depression. You fight inner fears, using yourself as the anti-hero to all the supermen around you. If you still see Mahovlich in the earlier side of the Hull-like superstar, your insecurity is seeking comfort in feeling onto the past.

Peaman: You enjoy introspection. The world inside your head means more to you than the world outside, and you examine your motives and feelings almost to the point of self-loathing. You find amusement in the parallels between the simple activities of the Peaman character and your own experience. You enjoy the made joke. Sometimes you may even fall victim to Peaman's (bitter) irony, which makes you think you are smarter and more sophisticated than you really are. Still, you possess the redeeming grace of being able to laugh at your foibles.

Liz Abner: You are far more sophisticated and aggressive than Peaman people. You share little of their naivete about the world and have replaced it with a slight disenchantment and perhaps some bitterness. You are acutely conscious. Political and social issues have replaced introspective concerns. You are an activist, more interested in results than in the way things get done. You have little time for schlemiels. If you enjoy Liz Abner for the humor, it is because it is mostly slapstick. And since slapstick is not fashionable you see yourself as independent of popular tastes.

Papa: You cherish the intensity of the big group. Like Peaman's face, you are highly introspective. You don't, however, share his ability to laugh at themselves. You are more concerned with congratulating yourself than with seeing how Papa is doing. Finally you set on a higher level than the followers of Peaman and Liz Abner, but you tend to be the modern alienated one. ☐

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40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof)
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NOT SO MUCH A SPORT AS A LOVE AFFAIR

There is a particular grouper named Duke who, for the past four years or so, has hung around a sunken landing barge 70 feet below the surface of the turquoise water off the east coast of Andros Island in the Bahamas. Duke likes tourists because they feed him. One morning a few weeks ago he drifted over to within three inches

...astronauts must feel like this sometimes: most of their time is taken up with the procedures and the technology involved in space survival. But there must be moments, I suspect, when they are suddenly struck by the sheer, majestic wonderment of knowing

There is a queer correspond-
ence between the astronaut's
weightless world and the scuba
diver's underwater environment.
Like the explorers in 2001, A Space
Odyssey, the diver moves
with the sort of effortless grace
you associate with the absence of
gravity. It's a soundless world, too,
except for the thrashy hiss of your
instream breath and the slow, mu-
silical zzzzzzzzzzzz you hear back
of your ears as your exhaled bub-
bles stream upward to join the
ocean air you've left behind.

—Tom De Haven

If you're lucky enough to be diving on a coral reef, it's also a world of unearthly beauty. The water, your environment, is a ghostly blue or a transparent turquoise. The coral grows in shapes never seen on earth: Moss of coral that look like melted doughnuts; giant molusc-like lumps of orange coral that look like the exposed brains of some undiscovered animal; coral that looks like skeletons made of sponges; coral that cling to other coral surfaces like purplish moss; coral that looks like the flames in a barbecue grill, or like an excess of un-ended potato chips; coral formations that look like submerged Christmas trees.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY GETTINGER

SCUBA

Drifting among these fantastic shapes, silently acknowledging your presence, is the fish. Suddenly you realize that a world of concrete buildings, grey skies and lumpy city grass has made you forget what color looks like. Angelfish drift in clothed in a black that is deep, like the void, and framed with a dark, black. The sharks are grey, almost black. The whitefish, shining like an angel, side may yellow. You don't react; the colors look like those and still there is a sun, for these fish are like flowers in floating clouds.

For experienced divers, these are the panoramas of the underwater land scape. But for me, it was a demonstration of the fact that diving, once an activity reserved for the tame, the faithful and the rich, has become as accessible as skiing or sailing — and the number of scuba divers is increasing almost at first.

In Grenville, the Association of Canadian Underwater Clubs, a federation representing most diving clubs, claims 9,000 members across the country. But association president George Bart remarks that for every member who is taking meetings at bathhouses to fill out a membership card, there are 15 divers who don't. Which means there are probably 90,000 Canadians who have experienced the unique delights of breathing a tank on their backs and gazing at the world beneath the waves.

This isn't merely evidence of just another fast-growing sport. It also signi- fies the emergence of something totally new in the history of human perception. To hang on stone for hours, even in cold water, the world beneath the waves has been as remote and myste-

rious as outer space. Now it is available to practically anyone who can swim and remember to breathe. It wouldn't surprise me if man's exposure to the underwater world has as more cultural side effects as the widespread use of television. Both of them are truly available while there is an inconvenient chop for most of the world I spent there. The visibility is fantastic — up to 150 feet under optimum conditions.

The reef has several peculiarities. It's dotted with "blue holes" — irregular, dark underwater caverns that apparently burrow inward, because they suck down salt water at low tide and belch out fresh water at high tide. A Florida biologist named Dr. Miron Vukobratovic has discovered a number of submerged structures on the reef, including what looks like a shore highway that is a mile long, which he says are artifacts of Atlantis.

Most of all, the invisible divers, the fact that the Andros reef, after sloping outward to a depth of 168 feet, suddenly drops off, into a subterranean Grand Canyon into a 5,000 foot of ocean. Being on the edge of this immense submerged cliff is called by Andros parlance going "over the wall." It is here that some of the world's deepest scuba divers have been made. Divers who have stood on the canyon's brink say it's a weird experience to peer over the edge into the abyss below. Some of them actually experience vertigo as though they were back on land and in danger of falling over.

Bartley, I could experience a bit of this, however, I had to learn to dive, which in Andros is not the same thing as becoming an expert diver. Dick

Berch, he thinks it was a damned fool thing to have attempted.

The other reason is that Andros reef, all 300-odd miles of it, is probably one of the best diving spots in the world. The sea is warm and dead calm most of the time (although an occasional wind will take up an inconvenient chop for most of the world I spent there). The visibility is fantastic — up to 150 feet under optimum conditions.

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Berch and the three divers make his employer as underwater guide, such that the instructor they give will keep you to dive under close supervision in Andros reef, but it doesn't necessarily mean you're qualified to dive anywhere else.

First things first, still on dry land you familiarize yourself with the regulator, which Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Paul Bert, shortly after World War II, adopted from the oxygen apparatus used by wartime pilots. Like a pilot you learn to run an instrument check before leaving, is there enough air in the tank? Check it with a pressure gauge. Is the water you're breathing clear? Check that. Now blow about the nose. What? This is a switch that releases the first 200 of the tank's 2,100 pounds pressure of air, when it's turned on, that's your signal to start breathing for the surface. Before you go into the water, you check to see that this switch is working properly.

Then paddling around a four or five feet of water near a wharf, you learn to navigate with the tank on your back. On land, the tank feels as though it weighs a ton, but once you enter the water the buoyancy of your protective clothing and your own body make it necessary to wear a weight belt to a counterweight.

Underwater at last, you learn some rudimentary safety procedures. Water continuously seeps into your fins, and you have to learn to clear it under water by flexing, pushing, pulling. The sense of the risk is a feeling of an ache away from your face, and especially blowing your nose. The head of your equipment is the regulator — the

device that converts the superpressurized air inside your tank into breathable air — and you practice removing it to multiple and replacing it while underwater. Nobody should dive unless you also learn "buddy breathing" — two divers sharing a single tank by passing the regulator mouthpiece back and forth between breaths.

Finally you memorize the underwater signals. A thumb and forefinger held together means everything's okay. A finger drawn across the throat means it's time to go on reserve air. You flip the switch that releases the air in the tank. Check it with a pressure gauge. Is the water you're breathing clear? Check that. Now blow about the nose. What? This is a switch that releases the first 200 of the tank's 2,100 pounds pressure of air, when it's turned on, that's your signal to start breathing for the surface. Before you go into the water, you check to see that this switch is working properly.

When you've mastered all this, you're ready for diving in 10 to 15 feet of water. At this depth, fortunately, there are some fantastic coral formations to observe. After a few days, you're ready for deeper water.

My last dive was the deepest: 70 feet down to a wondrous, towering blue rock. Dick Bert, taught for a dollar and then swam close to the edge of the wall, peering from the surface down through the blue-green water. It seems an enormous distance to the bottom — as deep as a library building is high. To get there, you descend in a slow, steady descent and gently kick your flippers.

As you descend, the pressure increases. You hold your nose and blow

to equalize the pressure inside your ears. Halfway down, climbing on my back to clear my tinnitus, I could see the bottom of the dive boat high above me. It looked as though it was hovering there, like a flying saucer. There I put some water up my nose — and as I sneezed a flash of panic as I realized that on this dive, I couldn't simply stick my head above water and take a breath.

I fought down the feeling and concentrated on taking deep, even breaths. You learn to slow that regular it, as some Freedivers assert, diving is a symbolic return to the womb, then the regulator is your air cord. — the diver threat that connects you to the ocean of air above and a constant reminder that for all the fantastic ease of my movement in this underwater world, you're a stranger in someone's other environment.

Finally I reached the bottom, still bumping like a ball on the coral bottom. Inside the large, the four of us stood in a tight circle down there. I had acquaintances who met on a street corner, while Paul Katerly had Ode, the greater grace of coast road out of a life.

That's when I really flipped the other's normality of it standing around down there, consuming life, to face with a lot of fish you seldom encounter except on the reef of a hotel. The environment that keeps you alive sketched in a bubble on your back. It was miraculous and beautiful, an unforgettable trip that has been denied me for years. I had been diving for years and now is available even to amateurs like me. I've been there and now I'm back. I want to return. □

TAKE THE PLUNGE YOURSELF: HERE'S HOW

THE FIRST STEP to becoming a diver is to contact a recognized diving club or to phone the local YMCA. A few franchises permit diving clubs to use their pools several times a week as underwater training grounds in coastal areas. By local scuba groups (before enrolling, it's best to make sure that the course offers a certificate from the YMCA or the National Association of Underwater Instructors, it's the industry's only recognized license and although it's not yet mandatory to have one before you dive,

it's advisable that course last 15 hours, providing instruction in class, then over a week. Scuba is a group activity. Unless you have a friend willing to accompany you, it's best to look up with one of the local diving clubs, which organize weekend parties to nearby lakes or oceans.

The basic equipment will cost you at least \$400. This includes a scuba tank (ask for the information of the unaffiliated) is an acronym for "self-contained underwater breathing apparatus" for about \$175, a regulator \$150, fins, mask and snorkel (about \$200) and essential Canadian waters — a custom-fitted wet suit (\$125). The wet suit works like thermal underwear. After the initial shock of putting on a hard lake, your body heats up the thin layer of water inside the suit to



the point where you can dive out comfortably for hours in water that seems very cold.

As your skill increases, you'll probably want to specialize. Some divers become marine photographers. The first underwater camera is the Ni-

konos (about \$200, but for only \$36 you can buy waterproof, clear plastic housing for most popular brands of cameras).

Other experienced divers become underwater photographers. They study and classify marine life. Research men diving into caves, or add to the history of the Canadian history by exploring submerged wrecks. Some even perform ruins and bolts jobs. Ben Davis, a waterworks engineer, uses his own scuba tank to periodically inspect the sluice pipes 25 feet below the Hamilton, Ontario, powerhouse. Another group, the Canadian Archaeological Divers Society, uses a 30-foot boat, equipped with depth recorder and night divers for exploring forgotten shipwrecks.

There's a 13-ft-old ship at Chatham, Ontario, that took a popular ride to France

his equipment and to begin work on the design and building of his own "deep-sea" equipment — a vintage on the scuba tank, which prolongs your time underwater. Others graduate to sonography — either by enclosing a set of the four Canadian universities that offer degrees in this field, or through introductory night-school courses.

All of these are part of the wide-world movement to conquer outer space — a goal President Kennedy set in 1961. The Hamilton, Ontario, plant is the 13th largest industrial plant in the world. The ultimate object is to make the world's oceans as accessible as the skies, and perhaps as productive as space. For this end, some Canadian divers have begun to take the job of marine biologist to full-time research. Dr. Joe McDermid, for instance, began diving as

a hobby before he entered medical school. This summer he's making an emergency shipment of \$10,000 research vehicle called Submersible Swallow about 25 feet of water in Georgian Bay. From this underwater laboratory he hopes to conduct research in shallow-water ecosystems. He has also begun to set up a publicly visible display to promote the idea of underwater exploration. Dr. McDermid hopes to play host over the summer to several hundred visiting scuba divers.

For those who get hooked, diving can become an obsessive way of life. But even for those who never graduate past the submarine sighting steps, it's one of the most addictive sports available. For information on clubs, new video, phone the YMCA or the Association of Canadian Underwater Instructors, P.O. Box 1268, Winnipeg. □

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE



The French have a phrase for it: *l'élégance de l'âge*. It hasn't so much to do with age as with an assured sense of style of womanliness and elegance that can't be measured in years. These are the most fascinating women of all, and the ones generally neglected in fashion magazines just because they don't have perfect size nine figures.

The variety of this situation has been weighing on me for some time, so I invited three very dynamic women to approach different designers who would make outfits calculated to enhance the special qualities of *l'élégance de l'âge* and *l'élégance de l'âge*. The high-fashion designers we used are not interested in producing feel clothes for long, shabby — albeit fascinating — sweet young things. And there was an instant and lively rapport between the women and the designers they chose.

JUNE CALLWOOD (left) is one of Canada's finest journalists.

"When it comes to clothes, I like things covered up to bare," she says, indicating her neck.

"I used to worry about clothes, now I just enjoy them." Alida Of Toronto, who specializes in very well-tailored clothes, elevated the simplicity and elegance of June's style.

"The bright diamond works beautifully with her skin tones and brings out her sparkling and aware brown eyes.

I designed a dress to enhance her statuesque stature and to give her freedom of movement."

DIANE FILER is the producer of CBC's successful radio show, *Genius!*

Toronto couturier Rodolpho found her a delightful subject. "I designed this evening outfit to match her dramatic feminine and self-assured personality. She's not influenced by what the news. For some women, this outfit would be uncomfortable. It has the feeling of a flared-out costume. But for Diane it works."



Diane Filer is wearing a *l'élégance de l'âge* outfit by Rodolpho, the rings are from C. V. Street — back of Toronto

as Callwood's dress by Alida Of Toronto, necklace by Geoffrey Hehrman

Wherever you live in Ontario, now is the time to change to the comfort of electric heating.



You don't have to move to a new house to enjoy electric heating. Electric heating can come to you — and what better time than now.

Over 10,000 families across Ontario have made the change. They live in old houses and modern houses, large houses and small houses, brick houses, frame houses, stone houses. Wherever they live, electric heating has helped them create a new world of comfort and convenience. A world of obvious warmth, clean and quiet, where both housekeeping and heating system maintenance are less of a problem. A world of modern comfort, made possible by electric heating.



One of the exciting things about the switch to electric heating is that it's so easy to make. You can install electric heating in just one room, if that's all you need. Or you could reline your present ductwork or radiators, and change only the furnace or boiler. Or you can take out the old system completely, and replace it with a space-saving, all-new electric system.



The change to electric heating is the first step towards home modernization. Your Hydro will explain to you just how easy a step it is to take. And to make things even easier, they'll give you details of the Hydro Finance Plan, too.

Illustrated here — some examples from the many Ontario houses recently converted to the comfort of electric heating.

The Name of the Game is All-Electric Living



A fully automatic exposure SLR? We've made it.



The only single lens reflex camera in the world with automatic exposure setting. The Konica Autoreflex T lets you concentrate on picture taking instead of turning rings and knobs to get correct exposures. Choice of pro and knowledgeable amateurs alike.

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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 41

IN A RECENT *Esquire* article, novelist and sociologist Leo Kadan (*Reflections of J'ETAI J'AI EN ANGLAIS*) discusses, in the professional effort, Yiddish has had on the English language during the past 40 years. In many ways, he asserts, everyday speech and writing is developing into something called English. Consider the number of purloined Yiddish words — *chuckles*, *shook*, *prize*, *chastise*, *show*, *shaky*, *showcase*, *mythology* — and English phrases — *I should worry*, *My son, the doctor*, *Koschik already*, *With great*, *let's not mess* — currently thriving in English. Equally obvious are the number of legends derived not one today that are derived from Yiddish. They include the sh play on the first sound (Fai-shen), whether curious (He only tried to shoot himself), mutant system (Smart he said) and fearful curses (cursed by several cartoonists) (He should not drop dead, God forbid). Kadan notes that the Yiddish is rich in words to express feeling, comparison, myth and truth. He lists, for instance, 25 different ways in which the adverb "so" can be used: *maybe*, *from my* (Oy, what a pump), *to lamentation* (Oy we cried our eyes out). But it's also a language that makes brilliant use of devious usage and is full of words that permit human observation and emotion. Consider the subtleties of distinction to be made among dogs — *yid*, *mutt*, *mutt*, *Kan*, *Lemuel*, *hufus*, or *mutt* — *schlick*, *shook*, *shook*, *shook*.

There are dozens of Yiddish words, used so often in everyday English that we've forgotten their origin — *honey*, *fix*, *blame*, *on*, *honey* — and new and surprising English words are being coined all the time. For example, a word to (and) because a *shook* (in political sense) when the *mutt* goes to *Yid*.

It would be interesting to hear how the *Constitution* Address, *Hamber's* *shook*, *Chavich's* *Prize*, *Homer* *speech* or *Kepler's* (if would sound translated into Yiddish. Readers are invited to give the Yiddish version of one of those or any other well-known passage of English prose or poetry. Entries should be addressed to: Contest No. 41, *Maclean's*, 401 University Ave., Toronto 181, One deadline: July 22.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 38
Contestants were asked to provide names of people of the following four items:
The most famous of England?
Who's the most famous of Canada?
Who's the most famous of the world?
Or all the people in the world?

The theme was to be Ottawa's new 546 million National Arts Centre. Each entry was required to begin with the letter "O". The early winners of *Maclean's* continued on page 72

SHADE IN A BOTTLE



We don't make suntan lotion.

We make something completely different. It's called SUNDARD. SUNDARD is not a suntan lotion. It's a suntan lotion. It's made to do just one thing: Protect your skin from the sun's burning rays. How well does it work?

SUNDARD screens out virtually 100% of the sun's burning rays. If you find that interesting but hard

to believe, you'll find our professionally supervised test more than interesting.

We know it works because we tested it.

The two-tone gentleman on this page was part of a professionally supervised test conducted in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Normally, he can't take more than an hour of sun. But for this test he stayed out almost 4 hours. . . his regular suntan lotion on one side of his face, SUNDARD on the other. Take another close look at the picture. Then judge the effect of SUNDARD yourself.

Only you know you're using it.

SUNDARD is a pleasure to use. It's almost totally invisible. And it's greaseless.

You don't want a nice brown to become an ugly red.

SUNDARD isn't just for people who can't take any sun at all. It's also for people who don't want a nice tan to become an ugly red. If you want a tan, just take as much sun as you think safe, then put on SUNDARD.

The sun's burning rays don't have to be a problem.

SUNDARD is getting thousands of men, women and children into the sun for the first time in their lives this year. . . without fear.



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Down with guilt;
for \$10 you can
clear your conscience
and improve
your mind



BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES

THERE ARE ONLY two qualifications for playing this game — an ability to read and \$10 each. It's predicated on the assumption that you don't have time to read all you'd like and that you have the religious fixation of catching up during the summer vacation. A further assumption is that you'd do your catching up with inexpensive paperback. I imagine there are few books you fancy that aren't among the more than 50,000 paperback titles available to Canadians. My part in the game is to start you off — by showing convincingly that a wide range of good reading can be yours for \$10 — and thus leave you to accept or reject my preferences and substitute your own.

People have differing motives for reading books and this is why you'll find my \$10 selections as three oddly

labeled categories. My first column is for conversationists, current books, for them, are the raw material of talk. They range from the drearily plug-get-in type to the loquacious party-boss who affords an acquaintance with all subjects — from Brecht's autobiography to the social organization of barned daughters — and likes to quote references. The second column is for people who draw unalloyed pleasure from good writing, new or old. My third column is dedicated to those fastidiously glib people who are always striving to catch up. The immensity of literature puts them in some awe; they scurry through life with the haunting awareness that some of its treasures will always elude them.

The more unassuming publishers of paperbacks recognized long ago that most of us are pretty sloppy in our

reading habits; so they grouped their titles in sets that would encourage more organized reading. The Apulian is my third column, for instance, is from the venerable and massive series of Penguin Classics. *Pylon* is in a handsome new set of Fawcett's lower knowna novels from the New American Library. In many instances you could buy the set and still keep under the \$10 budget.

Remember that many good paperbacks don't get into your neighborhood drugstore. It will sell Arthur Hailey's *Airport* (at 2,750,000 the biggest paperback printing) or *Valley of the Dolls* or your choice from a pointed-earrings' parade of luridly surrealist covers. It's fine for transients. But, if you want to enjoy the summer-reading game, the place to start is at the bookstore.

THE FACILE TALKER'S TOPIC SELECTOR

COLUMEL SUN Robert McKinnon/Gentian 1975. Can James Bond survive without Ian Fleming's?	75
HABERMAS VS. Karl Popper/Volker Does you see the play at Stratford?	95
COMPLIS John Updike/Fawcett Crest Does that sort of thing go on in your town?	1.25
FITCHES/STONER CIGARETTES Richard van der Vliet/Gentian The classic work on abstinence — an indispensable guide to these New World cigarettes.	1.45
THE STRANGE CASE OF JIMMY EARL RAY Clay Dale Jr./Bantam What's your theory?	.55
SHIRAZ ON ICE David Shields/Dallas Paperback What did Shirley Temple do for the American revolution?	2.25
MARSHALL McLUBAN Quincy Durr/McColland & Stewart Could we use it for an urban revolution?	95
THE CANCER MIND Alexander Doherty/Signet What can you expect from civil servants?	1.25

8 BOOKS 10.10

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COCKADE Melvin Frank/Gentian 1975. The brother kind of laughter.	95
BEHIND THE SCENES Stephen Leacock/McColland & Stewart The country kind of chuckle.	1.95
BARONETTES Hugh MacLennan/McColland & Stewart 1975. (Southwest)	1.50
WINTER READING Evan Davis/McColland & Stewart 1975. (Southwest)	1.90
THE CELESTIAL Margaret Laurence/McColland & Stewart 1975. (Southwest)	2.75
JEANETTE BEAN'S BEANS Rosalind Wiseman/Corgi 1975. (Southwest)	95
THE MURDER MOTHER Janet Camp/Penguin 1975. (Southwest)	1.25

7 BOOKS 10.95

THE RECLUSIVE CALVINIST'S SECULAR STIMULATOR

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ULTRAZES James Joyce/Penguin The celebration of Compton.	1.05
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U.S.A. John Dos Passos/Signet The passion to humanize history. U.S.A. is a trilogy that chronicles the actual life process of American democracy in this century. It consists of <i>The Chief of Police</i> , <i>1919</i> and <i>The Big Money</i> , each 95 cents.	2.45
PELUM William Faulkner/Signet The entire scope of the tragic, the sensitive but disposable in the early-1950s—novel.	95
THE MUSEUM Edith Wharton/Signet The imagination power that makes you a visual scene part of the black experience.	1.25

8 BOOKS 9.60

Scotch for people who know the difference.



Now more Canadians enjoy BLACK & WHITE than any other Scotch Whisky.

There's a great historian in my living room: Now I know the Kaiser's strut and Hitler's jig



TELEVISION

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

TELEVISION IS, IN A SENSE, a space ship no longer alien to us. We've become blasé about the machine's see-it-now immediacy, its ability to cross vast distances in moments. When American astronauts gazed down on the stark surface of the moon this summer, we shall expect to be there. It's almost routine for parents in their 20s to see moving newsreel shots of their sons dying in The Nazis first morning. We what about the fact that our living-room TV screen also regularly relays pictures of our fathers dying at Caen in 1944 or our grandfathers holding up the rag doll on Vimy Ridge in 1918?

That television is, in another sense, a time machine is perhaps more interesting in the long run than McLuhan's globe-village concept. We are just beginning to grasp the potentiality of film as a medium of visual record coupled with TV as a medium for mass reproduction of that record. What we are looking at is a revolution in the philosophy, interpretation and construction of history.

The essence of the revolution is that from here on, barring catastrophe, there will always be a record of how important people walked and talked. Today a journalist can safely describe someone as "looking like the late British actor, Leslie Howard." Despite the fact that Howard was killed nearly 50 years ago in a plane crash, we see him often enough on late-night reruns of *The Perfumed Fingers* and *Appointment for the Paragon* to be meaningful even to teenagers. It wouldn't be outrageous, however, to see Sir Henry Irving as a model Poor Sir Henry. He moved incredibly far in a mere two decades. He Richard III starts only as a handful of dirty raw notes, the Richard III of John Barrymore and Sir Laurence Olivier will be used repeatedly by posterity.

Television's capacity to give the historical record into every home is having a profound impact on our thinking. Although my conscious memories begin about the time the *Hitler* was sunk, TV leaves me with the feeling that I've been around since the *Hitler* went down. I've seen the doomed *Christ* tottering with his *Christy* at the sam-

mer palace and watched *Lenin* launch the 10 days that shook the world. I've seen the Kaiser strut and Hitler dance his jig of triumph. I have been twice to Nuremberg and I stand among the airport crowd when the man with the umbrella pressed people in our time. My father knew Lloyd George? Hall, I sometimes think I knew Lloyd George.

The CBC's *Victory at Sea* series, produced in the early 1950s, was a pioneer attempt to work the TV time machine. Since then there have been a number of excellent historical documentaries but none has commemorated as much war-torn awareness as the two British series currently running on Canadian networks.

Both are scheduled on Sundays. CTV quite properly has given its showcase 9P slot to *The Life and Times of Lord Mountbatten*. The 12-part program shouldn't be missed by anyone wanting to know what the century is all about. In many ways Mountbatten, whose great-grandmother Victoria died shortly after he was born, is the 20th century. He is part of the Empire's world of royal Europe that crumbled with the pain of August. But he is also the modern fighting man who led the 14th Army back down the road to Mandalay. And later in India he was the enlightened liberal who presided over the dissolution of the British Empire.

The program, three years in the making, speaks because of Mount-



It's 35 years since Leslie Howard died, but TV, the magical time machine, keeps his face fresh.

batten's constant presence. It stands, he says, as his only official biography. He deliberately chose the medium of TV film rather than print because of his lifelong fascination with the ocean — and the 150 rolls of his private home movies are woven through the series. Mountbatten is both the last of the Victorians and the first of the post-war Mel shorts.

The CBC meanwhile has inexplicably started its Sunday offerings, *The Last Days*, at the odd hour of 12:45 p.m., a time when most people are doing anything but watching television. The 26-part RBC miniseries is a successor to *The Great War* series but has better documentation. Selected *A History of Civilization*, it shows graphically what went wrong between 1918 and 1933. The popular view of the 1930s is of an idyllic age in which a generous Charterford in very down a champagne trend to desolation. The program, for the first time on television, digs beneath the decade's surface frivolity to examine the fundamental forces that were reshaping society — the revolution in political philosophy, the collapse of a century-old economic theory, the development of the atom age.

The seeds of many of the principles that guide us to today were planted by the Treaty of Versailles and the rise of Hitler. These are important lessons to be learned from the failures of that period. I think it is almost criminal that the CBC isn't presenting this integrative reduction of history to a genre-less narrative — especially when its summer schedule is packed with repeats of shows that shouldn't even have been broadcast again.

Finally, talking about failures, as historical documentary on *Victory at Sea* has long overdone. This may be the best-covered war in history but the daily images of death and rapine generate only confusion. We see a blarney stream course and two and bombing and bombs. An electronic battery should edit all this footage into a series that puts the situation in perspective. Then, perhaps, these parents as loved will understand why they are watching their sons dying. And maybe do something about it.



who ever thought your best friend would sue you

But then, who ever thought your best friend would fall down your stairs? You didn't. Your friend didn't. But it happened.

Now, he's asking you to pay his hospital expenses, doctor bills, his medication. And, his lawyer is talking possible future disability and loss of income.

Are you one of those people who is protected by a Homeowner's Policy from financial disaster that could be caused by just such an accident? If not,

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Who'd ever
guess the end
of the world could
make you shrug
or yawn?

or you've seen too many the water
worrying about mortgages, missions
and affluence to give a little thought
to the student revolt, the end of the
world or perhaps, the auteur theory of
film criticism. Why not do so this
summer? For those of you who are
tired of being a New Left behind or
the hapless victim of a Generation
Gap shock, here's some suggested
summer viewing and reading. It
should help you cope with the over-
crowded and confusing you're bound to
encounter at next week's "swinging"
parties.

Ever since *On the Beach* we've been
plagued by a procession of end-of-the-
world films. There's been Peter Wal-
ker's *The War Game*, Peter Roche's
Land of the Phos, Jean-Luc Godard's
Weekend and now Ingmar Bergman's
Shame.

"Shame," the publicity material tells
us, "is the most expensive and lavish
production yet put together and di-
rected by the Swedish master." It is
also, blessed relief, the most symbol-
ic and comprehensible of Bergman's
36 "vision statements." The story is
simple enough. A totally meaningless
war anguishes the Rosenbergs, a child-
less nuclear couple who are the film's
central protagonists. The motto of the
story is equally simple: absolute war
is complete, absolutely. Husband Jan
is transformed by Armageddon into a
dull, mindless leech. Wife Eva be-
comes an adulteress and fabulously
successful as her husband's dwarfed.

The Bergman stock company of
Max Von Sydow, Liv Ullmann and
Gunnar Björnstrand perform ably, and
the Bergman device are effective, but
somewhat the effect is quite nothing.
Bergman's insistence on a very
redundant, almost didactic story line
instead of the apocalyptic makes it far
closer to Walker's *The War Game*
than to Godard's *Weekend*. The result
is that *Shame*, like *The War Game*,
hopes to amuse to resemble those silly
child-defense films of the 1950s.

I prefer my apocalypses laced with
the black humor of *Weekend*. If
we're all to go, why not go à la Go-
dard? His records and allegories are
astounding while Bergman's are often
miserable. A fine tradition of a Je-
hovah Witness Watch Tower.



FILMS

BY LARRY ZOLF

Ludwig Anderson is another film
director who avoids thematic com-
parison with Godard. Anderson's *If*
and Godard's *Le Chinois* both tackle
the scabbing tip of Armageddon: the
progressive gap and student revolt.
Anderson's credentials are impres-
sive. In the late '40s and early '50s
he was an outstanding film critic for
the *Sequence* and *Sight and Sound*
magazines. He was part of the First
Cinema movement which that revo-
lutionary British film. In 1954 he
won an Oscar for the best docu-
mentary.

Is it his documentary talents are
put to good use. Writing with com-
plicit omniscience as when and two
very young women, Anderson has
come up with a very funny, warm and
sensitive picture of the quasi-fascist
rejuvenation of English private
schools. Here, for the first time, the
whole rigors of policy of various head-
masters, sadistic whips, Colonel Blimp
old boys and fugate canines seem
more real than cinematic.

The trouble starts when Anderson
takes the freedom of his students (the
heroes with the facts of life. The
switch from realism to surrealism is a
joking one. The 1984 history scene
of the student uprising seems more
fantastic than Freud's analysis.

Perhaps this is because we know
the revolts of Armageddon will hard-
ly begin in England's private schools.
The rebels are. If know that their re-
volt has to be today's history because
they will be tomorrow's well-to-do
and all-powerful Establishment.

Again one thinks of Godard's *Le
Chinois*. Somehow his local, afflu-
ent French students, spending their
summer understand the philosophy of
"the Mao the center" seems much
more conscious. Their endless rhyth-
mic dancing of Maoist dogma, the
playful gibberish of their political
manifestations and their glibness in
to feel classes seem all too accu-
rate a portrait of the future realities we
may face from the Kuo-Ming-Tang
hordes of the Present Generation.

If you've been wondering about the
auteur theory of film criticism and
have seen Canadian boys in and a
try reading *The American Cinema*,
Directors, 1929-68 by Andrew Sarris,

who is film critic for the *Village Voice*.

A good director, according to Sar-
ris, is an actor, a bad director is a
mere technician. An actor is a di-
rector who brings a film with his
personal viewpoint. It's his outlook on
life, his personality, his technical ma-
stery, his control of actors, camera
placement, editing rhythm and script
flow that give a film its identity, in-
divisibility and ultimate worth.

In these a Sarris cry of "auteur,
auteur" for our expatriate boys in
Lotta Land! Also, no joke in Holly-
wood for Canadian pride.

Of Toronto's own Sidney Furie,
Sarris says "From the black leather
jackets of *The Leather Boys* to Marion
Brendo's blunder in *Appaloosa*, Furie
seems to elevate fabric leitmotifs into a
personal style." Norman Jewison is
accused of "over-directing" and Har-
vey Kurt, Arthur Miller and Silvio
Nazzari are all damned as being
"worse on technique than on
personality."

Seen and abscond

The Sergeant "Red Singer" Sarris
as the Sergeant," say the billboard
posters advertising the film. The
Dennis Murphy actor about
homosexual love on a U.S.
Army base. Well, Red Singer's per-
formance is more stunted than
stunning. His pouts, growls, drools,
sneers, whines, shrieks. With that
kind of come-on, it's no wonder
prig-boy John Fidler, one would
pretty girl Lucinda Mizard over
pretty wild Singer.

Can Hollywood Make Ever
Forget Merry Blumpey and Paul
Tee: Hapgood's? If there ever was
an actor film director, it was
Anthony Newley wrote, directed
and produced it. He is the star and
his wife and kids are in it. The
songs are his and he is in it. The
script that gives great in-
diversity and brutality their first
direct crack at a cinematic treat-
ment. So it's Newley and Newley
alone that are most credit for a
new movie breakthrough — the
world's first continuously screened
sing along movie.

The Hero.



for meritorious service in a noble cause.

That all-Canadian
vanity — the fear
of being thought
square — is stunting
our artistic
success abroad



THE LUVELY ARTS

BY MAYOR MOORE

NOT LONG AFTER we started television in this country, and I was working at the CBC in the production department, I got on the telephone and delivered myself of the following complaint: "Why don't you fire all the anchors you have there and let us watch *Buffy's in Paris*? Canadians will never be any good at anchoring — too many of them go to *eh*!"

Usually I pleaded that our staff was as professional as any to be found in the U.S. networks (I still duly revere some of our people) and that so far as I knew American commentators were no less devoted than our own. I mentioned fellow-countrymen who were succeeding abroad, such as Loren Loran, and others who were achieving fame abroad while struggling to live at home, such as Wayne and Shuster. I asked the lady if she understood their success to exist in communication at the border.

She hung up on me.
Times have changed, but only a little. When the musical *Anne of Green Gables* opened in April in London's West End, it was the Canadian critics present who would sit in stumps. The Toronto *Daily Star* Remarks edited a "radioactive blab," complained of its "scorching triviality" and ended: "One couldn't help feeling a bit embarrassed that this was the show representing Canada in London."

Canadian critics may justifiably feel they are damned if they do and damned if they don't. Ottawa's *Paul Arlin* was ill as often anywhere as he is in Burlington. Robert Goulet comes with packed houses, except in the Toronto he used to call home. Arthur Hickey's best-selling novel *Airport* received as hardy accolade from Canadian critics Norman Jewison says the most accurate review of his film may be found in the Canadian press.

Those artists and performers who choose to stay are even better acquainted with the great Canadian paradox: they lack the need of approval from abroad and those who go and stay back are presumed to have failed to make it.

So widespread is the view that there is no one innocent enough to suggest it may

be entirely self-destructive are scarcely changed with consciousness, or worse — that most histories of modern times, *Nature* Magazine.

Nature Magazine is a dirty word used by big countries to describe the self-determination of a little country, while the spread of their own way of life is kindly labeled Internationalism. When we read *Les Français* to Europe, that is international. When the *Coûteux Français* comes here, that is internationalism.

We are often told that "all art is international" — but the lofty sentiment conceals a neat semantic trick, arising from a confusion between politics and culture. Politics may indeed be international, since there are nations for something to go between. But art, which knows no boundaries, is not international but supranational. Surely we in Canada, at least, have learned that political unity is only possible where cultural differences are recognized and encouraged. One political world demands a plurality of cultures, not homogenization. And the more the merrier for us all.

Yet many Canadians are convinced that nothing of world importance can come of our arts if we deal with our own problems instead of those which happen to be fashionable in the big leagues. Never mind that our language is English/French; the language today is Black/White, so let us go off to the east that. Never mind if the people of the Canadian Indian often feel alienated, let us protest on behalf of the Brahmins or Vietnamese.

So writers like Marshall Richter, painters like Maude Telford, and various other Canadians bid us forget our own small affairs and get with the "international" scene—New York, London, or wherever it's happening.

There is only one thing wrong with this theory: it seldom works.

Not all the artists in the world at making pictures will produce an original. And by the time we have perfected our copies of what is fashionable in the great centers, those centers will already have moved on to a later fashion — probably picked up from some place nearer than Canada to offer them something attractively different.

Canadian works which have proved most popular abroad have often been precisely those we disparage as too local to interest others. In literature, by far the largest Canadian sellers abroad are Mazo de la Roche's *Jules* and L. M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*. The longest Canadian run in London and New York theatre has been achieved by *The Duxbury*, a horrendous soldier romp from World War I. *The New Show* from World War II, de la Roche's *Phantom* (from the Jules script), and now the musical *Anne*.

Paul Almond's *Amel* has brought modest international success to a Canadian film but here we criticized it for flapping a Canadian cliché. Louis Riel, the first Canadian opera in such wide attendance, was displaced by some Canadian art subsequently repugnant.

Instead of protesting at "scorching triviality," should we not ask what it was in such productions that worked? Does all the world love Anne Hickey because her story is "radioactive blab," or because a spunky heroine female is a universal figure?

Our pretensions are based, it seems to me, on pride in the homely image of ourselves, the fear of being thought square.

We want desperately to break into the big leagues, but we're ashamed of our home-made but — not because it isn't for home, but because it's not in style. We'd like to be considered sophisticated aesthetes like the Europeans, without the long increasing history that made them so. Perhaps the Europeans will appear to us a whiff of our own past — but we'd rather send snails to Newsworld.

We long to break into the main market of U.S. culture — but with what we want to sell, not with what they want to buy. We jibe at those commercial souls among us who use the market and then supply what the customer wants — but have little of our own with which to compete.

Perhaps, after all, we ought to create something of our own, however modest, so well that others will want to copy us. That is, if we are not too proud to learn from the Russians.

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your tonics dry!



Summertime.



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